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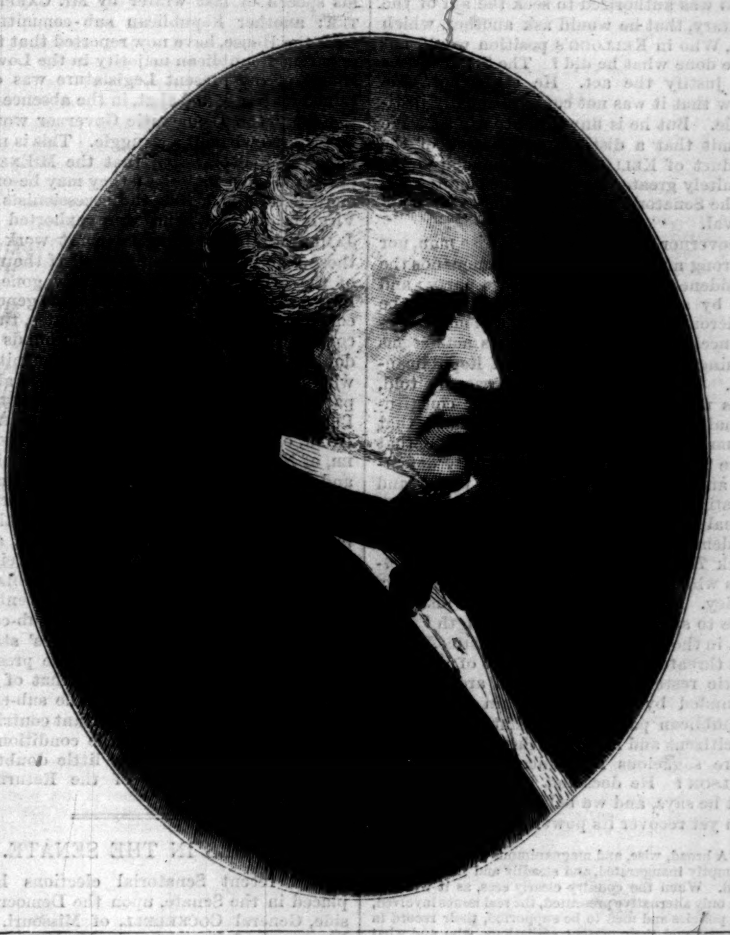
THE HON. FRANCIS KERNAN.

MR. FRANCIS KERNAN, who has just been elected by the Legislature of New York to succeed Mr. FENTON in the United States Senate, was born at Tyrone, Steuben County, New York, on the 14th of January, 1816. He was educated at the Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia, afterward studied law in an office at Watkins, and commenced practicing at Utica in 1839. A thorough knowledge of law, combined with very fair natural abilities and a pleasing facility as a speaker, soon gained him a leading position at the bar.

Mr. KERNAN'S first official position was that of reporter to the Court of Appeals, which he held from 1854 to 1857. He entered political life in 1861, when he was elected a member of the Assembly. The year following he was elected to Congress. There he displayed fair ability, but gave no evidence of special fitness as a legislator, and when a candidate for re-election, two years later, he was defeated by the Republican candidate, the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING. Mr. KERNAN was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867.

In the exciting campaign of 1872 Mr. KERNAN was the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State against General DIX, and was defeated by a majority of about 50,000. The recent victory of the Democratic party in this State threw the election of a United States Senator into the hands of the opposition. Mr. KERNAN was put forward as a candidate by Tammany Hall, and although a large number of the Democratic members from the State at large would have preferred another man, and chafed a good deal under the dictatorial demands of Tammany, yet party discipline proved too strong for them, and Mr. KERNAN was elected for the term of six years, commencing the 4th of next March. He is the first Democratic Senator from this State in thirty years.

Mr. KERNAN is well known to be an ardent Roman Catholic. As a rule, the denominational relations of public men are not legitimate subjects of consideration. Here a man's religion is his own business. But when Mr. KERNAN was nominated for Governor in 1872, the fact that he was a Roman Catholic was prominently put forward by his supporters; and although he was known to be an honorable man, and had declared himself to be opposed to sectarian legislation, there can be little doubt that his connection with an ecclesiastical organization which has every where and always, as a Church, sought to control the State, contributed largely to his defeat. Although the grave questions of church and state allegiance which agitate Europe, and call forth the warnings and remonstrances of GLADSTONE in England, and inspire BISMARCK'S aggressive and defiant policy against the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, may never become an element in our national politics, yet it would be interesting to know how far Mr. KERNAN sympathizes with the political pretensions of the Vatican, and to what extent he would suffer his political duties and obligations to be controlled by the mandates of the "infallible" head of his Church.

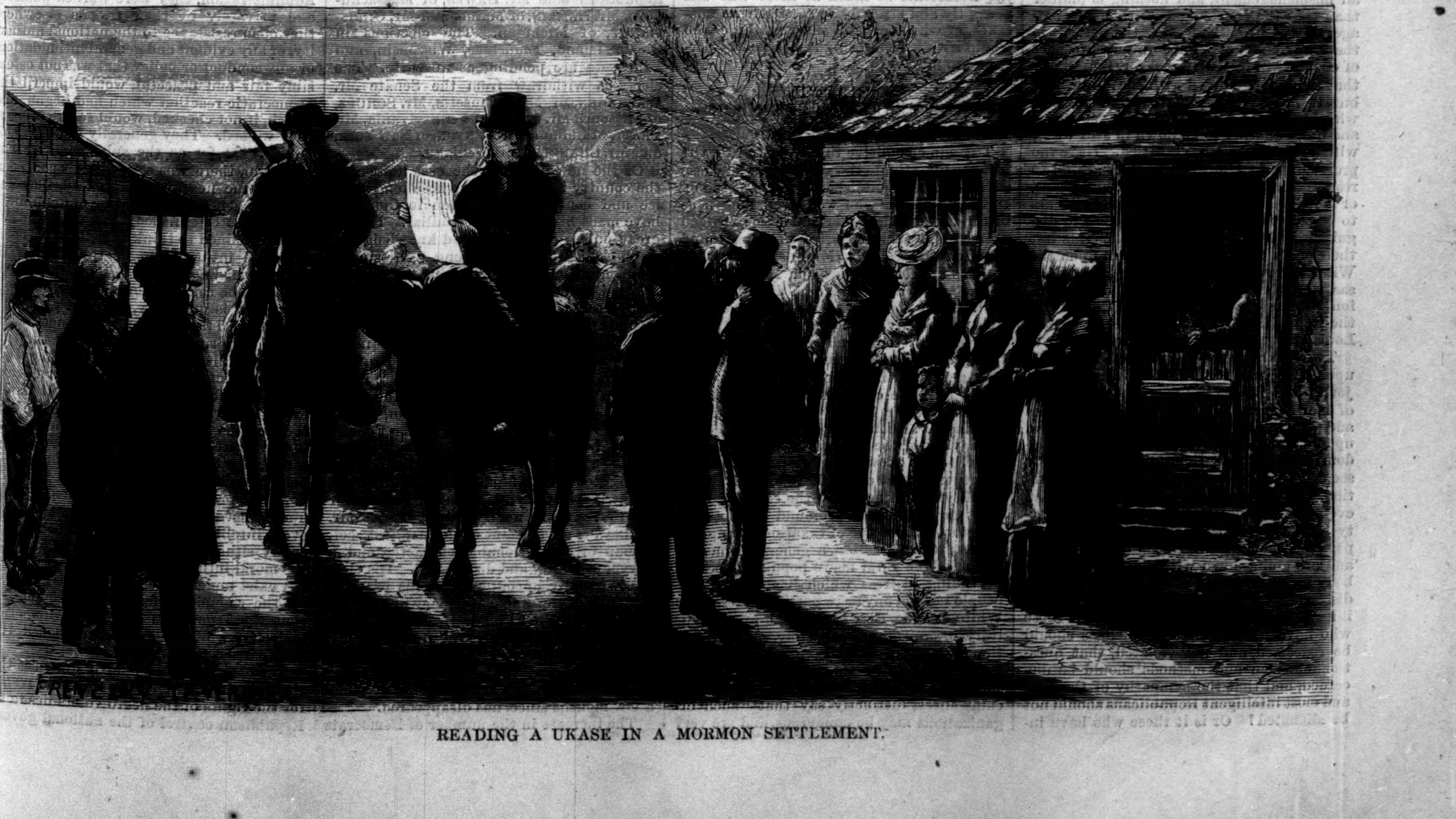


THE HON. FRANCIS KERNAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER C. NORTH, UTICA, N. Y.]

A MORMON UKASE.

ALTHOUGH the power of BRIGHAM YOUNG has been steadily decreasing for the past few years in the region immediately around Salt Lake City, where his people are under the influence of a large "Gentile" population, his hold upon remote Mormon settlements appears to be still as firm as ever. He and his elders are fully conscious of the fact that the debasing superstition which they have misnamed a religion must give way in time, and that they can only prolong their power by isolating their people as much as possible from outside influences. Hence their industry in planting distant colonies and settlements, and the eager haste with which they dispatch the newly arrived emigrants from Salt Lake City to the Mormon villages where the authority of BRIGHAM YOUNG and his elders is still unquestioned and supreme, and where his decrees are obeyed to the very letter.

We give on this page a picture representing a Mormon elder reading a decree or ukase in one of these remote settlements. The inhabitants, mostly simple-minded and honest-hearted, gather around him, and listen reverentially and in a spirit of blind obedience to the orders of the Church. They may relate only to some religious ordinance; they may require the people to leave their homes and move to some other region further away from disturbing influences, and begin a new settlement in the wilderness. Whatever they may be, the orders will be obeyed; and the next day may see the houses deserted and dismantled, and the settlers moving slowly across the plain toward another place of sojourn.



READING A UKASE IN A MORMON SETTLEMENT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

With this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a splendid double-page engraving entitled "Roman Catholic Schools," sketches of the presentation of the LAFAYETTE *watch, a beautiful poem by* R. H. STODDARD, *and another installment of* "THE HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON says, truly, that if the Republican party perishes, it will die by the hand of the suicide, and that it can not recover prestige or power by party discipline or patronage. This is a truth which, it is to be hoped, is as plainly seen by other Republican managers as it is by the Vice-President. He at least has never been blind to it, and he has been treated with impatience and indignation by other leaders because he thought that the party was largely composed of those who would not be frightened or driven by the party whip. The one great fact to be remembered is that Mr. WILSON, who is certainly as sagacious a politician as any other Republican chief, long ago deprecated the course and apparent policy of the party upon certain questions. No change has been made in that policy, and we have fallen upon exceedingly stormy times. Those who think that Mr. WILSON is easily frightened may suppose that the result of the elections is due to business depression. Do they think that Republican feeling in regard to Louisiana is also due to business depression? The same persons probably think that the Republican press and the New York Senate and the New Hampshire Republicans ought to have "stood by" KELLOGG, and that the party should not be discredited by condemning his conduct. Those gentlemen would perhaps be surprised if they were told the truth, which is that they are the instruments of the suicide of which the Vice-President speaks, and that they are doing all that they can to elect a Democratic President in 1876.

The significance of the autumn elections is perfectly well understood. It was not "business depression;" it was Republican disgust and dissatisfaction with Republican mismanagement, and nothing is plainer than that the continuance of that mismanagement will totally destroy the party. Is there any change? Is there any prospect of change? Mr. HOWE and Mr. LOGAN say that they will go down with the ship. Yes, but it is one thing for a sailor to sink with his ship in a storm upon a lee shore, and quite another to go down in still water with a ship that he has scuttled. Have the proceedings in Louisiana been of a kind to restore confidence to doubting Republicans, or is it held that doubting Republicans are to be summarily shot, as Democrats in disguise? When the Free-soil Democrats left their party because of the action upon the Wilmot Proviso or the crimes against Kansas, were they only sore-heads? In the Union League Club, in the city of New York, the Republicans could not agree upon the Louisiana question. Which side was "sore?"

Two years ago General GRANT entered upon his second term with an increased majority and amidst the apparent dissolution of the Democratic party. Distinct pledges and principles were set forth in the platform upon which he was re-elected, and, with wisdom and courage, Republican ascendency seemed to be plainly assured for a generation. Two years have passed, and, beaten even in Massachusetts, the Republican party is so shaken that the most passionate partisans shout that they are not afraid, and are going down with the ship. Somebody and something is responsible for this disastrous change. Who is it, and what is it? Is it business depression? Is it those who have insisted that the pledges should be redeemed, and not violated, that questionable men and methods should be discarded, and that the sympathy of the best and most intelligent Republicans should not be alienated? Or is it those who have insisted upon sustaining any thing that was done any where by any body in the name of the Administration and the party?

Take the single case of Louisiana. We have the dreary DURELL business; the report of the Senate committee that the frauds in 1872 vitiated the election under which KELLOGG now holds office; the detailed story of Mr. DIBBLEE, one of KELLOGG'S chief advisers, that the declaration of his election was a revolutionary act to resist a Democratic revolutionary conspiracy; the cowardly refusal of Congress to act, after the President's request, and when its duty was plain; the President's action; the downfall of KELLOGG in September; the national interference; the performance of the 4th of January, and the President's assertion that it is "debatable" whether the method of the military interference is not justifiable. And yet so indefensible is the whole matter that so calm a man and so stanch a friend of the President as Senator FRELINGHUYSEN could only say, at the end of his speech, in answer to the question whether KELLOGG was authorized to seek the aid of the military, that he would ask another, which was, Who in KELLOGG'S position would not have done what he did? The Senator does not justify the act. He could not. He knew that it was not constitutionally justifiable. But he is unwilling to say so. We submit that a distinct repudiation of the conduct of KELLOGG would have been an infinitely greater service to the country and to the Senator's party than this evasive approval.

Governor KELLOGG is not a wise man, nor a strong man, nor a man who commands the confidence or respect of his own party; and yet by some hocus-pocus, which would be ludicrous if it were not of serious consequence, support of him and his acts seems coming to be a kind of test of Republicanism. The mass of the party, we are told, does not split hairs nor care for constitutional refinements. We have heard that remark for some time, and during all that time the party has been constantly defeated, and has steadily declined in power and prestige. If hair-splitting and constitutional refinements are not deadly, it is very evident that something else is. The New York *Times* says that two out of three letters which it receives sustain the Louisiana policy. Very well. Is the party just now able to spare a third of its strength? We ask in the name of liberty and justice, which are threatened by the prospect of a Democratic restoration, and which are mortally wounded by a thick-and-thin support as Republican partisans of what we condemn as citizens and men. Is there a sincerer or more sagacious Republican than HENRY WILSON? He does not like the situation. Yet he says, and we believe, that the party can yet recover its power and prestige:

> "A broad, wise, and magnanimous policy should be promptly inaugurated, and steadily and honestly pursued. When the country clearly sees, as it will see, the only alternative presented, the real issues involved, the policies and men to be supported, their record in the past and their present affiliations, who and what shall prevail if the Republican party be set aside?"

Nobody labors to set it aside and restore the Democrats so much as those who fail promptly and strongly to condemn its mistakes, or who snarl and sneer at those who would save it from being smothered by partisan stupidity.

THE SUB-COMMITTEE UPON LOUISIANA.

THE sub-committee that went to New Orleans to investigate the situation, and whose report has been published, was composed of three gentlemen who were well known as of the highest character and acknowledged ability, and their report was eagerly and confidently awaited. Mr. FOSTER and Mr. PHELPS are Republicans, and Mr. POTTER is a Democrat, yet they made a unanimous report. Their visit was short, their investigation necessarily limited, and, as they state, they merely "took such proof as the opportunity offered" upon the general subject of outrage and intimidation and fraud. This shows that the committee do not offer the results of their inquiry as an exhaustive statement, although they frankly declare their view of the general situation in the State. That view is, in brief, that there is "a general want of confidence" both in the validity and integrity of the existing KELLOGG government, a profound business depression, an increase of taxation amounting almost to confiscation, a general demoralization of the rural negro population, and a pervading distress which has carried the people beyond any mere partisan lines. The White League, they state, is an armed military organization, ostensibly for "protection;" but the committee being sensible men, and knowing that the significance of such bodies is to be determined by the circumstances, distinctly say that "such organizations may be dangerous, and are very rarely to be justified." The committee, in closing their report, record their personal observation of the events of the 4th of January, which confirms the illegality of the organization, which was, in fact, as was evident to any one who had closely followed the proceedings in the State since September, a mere Democratic *coup d'état*, skillfully attempted and illegally frustrated.

The report is very clear and candid, and shows no heated feeling of any kind. It is a plain statement of fact, and not an argument, and makes no recommendation. Indeed, the committee were but a body sent to gather information, and to lay it before the full committee; and having heard the report, the full committee have submitted it to the House, and the other members have decided to go to Louisiana and satisfy themselves that the statements are correct. The exact situation, then, of the Louisiana question is this: A Republican committee of the Senate reported two years ago that KELLOGG, the present Governor, was not lawfully elected, and their view was sustained in his speech of last winter by Mr. CARPENTER: another Republican sub-committee, from the House, have now reported that the apparent Republican majority in the Lower House of the present Legislature was obtained by fraud, and that, in the absence of the army, the Democratic Governor would be restored without a struggle. This is not, however, a declaration that the M'ENERY partisans are a majority; they may be only more determined, like the secessionists in Virginia in 1861, who were exhorted by JAMES M. MASON to make short work of those who voted against them. If the rest of the committee who have now gone to New Orleans should reach the same general conclusion as that of their associates, there could no longer be reasonable grounds of doubt. The four members of that committee who are now in Louisiana are not less able, patriotic, and sincere than Messrs. FOSTER, PHELPS, and POTTER; and Mr. GEORGE F. HOAR, of Massachusetts, Mr. W. A. WHEELER, of New York, Mr. W. P. FRYE, of Maine, and Mr. S. S. MARSHALL, of Illinois, are men whose statements will not be less worthy of careful consideration than those of their predecessors. If their report should also be unanimous, it would have great weight with the country; but if Mr. MARSHALL, who is a Democrat, should offer a dissenting report in accord with that of the sub-committee, the force of his colleagues' statement would be weakened, and the present report would virtually become that of the majority of the committee. The sub-committee's report is a very important contribution to our knowledge of the condition of Louisiana, and leaves very little doubt of the fraudulent action of the Returning Board.

CHANGES IN THE SENATE.

THE recent Senatorial elections have placed in the Senate, upon the Democratic side, General COCKERELL, of Missouri, Mr. WALLACE, of Pennsylvania, Mr. M'DONALD, of Indiana, Mr. KERNAN, of New York, and Mr. BAYARD, of Delaware; and upon the Republican side Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, Mr. HAMLIN, of Maine, and Mr. CHRISTIANCY, of Michigan. The elections in Rhode Island, Tennessee, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are pending as we write. The elections withdraw from the Senate Mr. WASHBURN, of Massachusetts, Mr. SCHURZ, of Missouri, Mr. SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, Mr. PRATT, of Indiana, Mr. FENTON, of New York, and Mr. CHANDLER, of Michigan.

Of the new Senators the best known to the country is Mr. DAWES, whose long service and conspicuous position in Congress have made his name very familiar. He has great public experience and knowledge of public affairs, but his strong partisanship has sometimes persuaded him to conduct which weakened the confidence of the best men in the party, and was the ground of the resolute Republican opposition to his election. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. WILSON lost nothing by pronouncing against General BUTLER, and Mr. DAWES would have had more influence in his State had he taken the same ground. There is, however, no doubt that he is a valuable acquisition to the Senate, where he can not forget whom he succeeds—a recollection which will inspire and strengthen him to abjure all fatal alliances.

New York sends a Democratic Senator for the first time in nearly thirty years. Mr. KERNAN is a Democrat of the straitest sect, a man of irreproachable character, and a lawyer of ability and distinction. His election, virtually uncontested in his party, is evidence of the final supremacy of Tammany Hall over the "Canal" Democracy. Mr. KELLY, Mr. TILDEN, Mr. SEYMOUR, and Mr. KERNAN are now the absolute masters of their party, and that "great statesman," Judge CHURCH, of whom we heard so much a few months since, has disappeared.

The increase in the number of Democrats does not change the political character of the Senate, but it will have the effect of all vigilant oppositions, in putting the majority upon their guard, and saving them from the kind of recklessness which undisputed power promotes. The retirement of Mr. SCHURZ will be universally regretted as that of a man of great ability, perfect integrity, and chivalric independence.

THE NEGRO VOTE.

THERE are certain general convictions arising from the nature of the case, and from human nature itself, which must affect a correct estimate of the situation in Louisiana. The white population of the State is largely French in descent, and, from the old system of black slavery, is aristocratic in feeling. That such a population, having thrown the State into a civil war which ended by ruining them, and by making their late slaves not only free, but equal citizens and voters with themselves, should be disposed to recognize that equality frankly and fairly is not only absolutely improbable in itself, but the recent history of the State shows the fact that it was not so. The appearance of the "carpet-baggers," the conduct of many of the national office-holders in the State, and the undoubted ignorance and venality of many of the new citizens, with consequent dishonest legislation, have certainly not tended to correct the disposition of which we speak. Yet the white population, and especially its leaders, are chiefly to blame for the wretched condition of the State. Had they been wise enough to accept a bad situation, which they owed to themselves, and to make the best instead of the worst of it, the woes of Louisiana might have been avoided. But their present demand, and that of their allies elsewhere, that the State "be left to itself," is founded upon their consciousness that, although probably the numerical minority, they could coerce the majority, which is largely composed of negroes. This intimidation may be very simple and quiet, yet very effective. Every employer and every country neighborhood understands that. We presume there are very few intelligent persons who suppose that the right of the negro to vote would not be practically "denied or abridged" in all but three or four of the late slave-holding States if the power of the general government were controlled by the Democrats. The object of the attempted *coup* in Louisiana, and the purpose elsewhere of the party of those who made it, is to obtain control of the State governments, so as to secure a Democratic electoral vote in 1876.

The degree of good order of the late election in Louisiana upon the Conservative side, as certified by the sub-committee, certainly does not signify that the Democrats are more favorable to the colored vote or tolerant of it, nor that they mean fair play to the negro. It means, and means only, that their leaders were quite shrewd enough to know that their great hope of final success in their plan depended upon the appearance of a quiet and fair election. Last September, when they overthrew the KELLOGG Administration, they were warned publicly and privately by their friends elsewhere that open resistance to the national authority, or any evident and general intimidation, or any conduct or policy that was not ostensibly fair and peaceful, would imperil the Democratic reaction which had begun, and which, if not checked, would secure all that they wished. They generally followed this advice. So far as the sub-committee can ascertain, there was very little open coercion of the negro vote. Indeed, they say that "no general intimidation of Republican voters was established," but they are evidently inclined to think that there was considerable intimidation of the Democratic vote by marshals and the military force. We shall be asked, then, whether, so far as the report is authority, it is not plain that in a free and fair election the Democrats are in the majority? We reply that the sub-committee also report that "throughout the rural districts of the State the number of white Republicans is very few. It hardly extends beyond those holding office and those connected with them;......applications to the United States Commissioners......because of alleged threats of discharge and non-employment, or other interference with political preference, were frequent;" and upon this statement, in the light of what every intelligent man knows to be the necessary situation in Louisiana, we say that the moral intimidation which must necessarily exist under the circumstances described by the committee forbids the supposition that the Democrats are in the numerical majority, while it may be conceded that they carried the election.

The conclusion to be fairly drawn is that the only hope even of a tolerable respect for the rights of the negro voters lies in the Republican control of the national govern-

ment. For if now, with a friendly Republican Administration, with the national forces in the State, with the intimidation which the committee say was in some places produced among the white voters by the fear of the marshals and the troops, and with the obvious necessity of a fair election to the purposes of the Democrats, there was yet a certain amount of open coercion besides the universal moral intimidation which the white must long exercise over the black, what would be the condition of the negro voter in the interior of Louisiana if the Democrats should regain power? We are not saying that the States should be occupied by soldiers, nor that elections should be held under military supervision. We are alleging that the effective protection of the negro vote to-day in all but three or four of the late Slave States is a moral support derived from the knowledge that the national authority is in the hands of his friends, and not of his enemies, and to be used upon proper occasion, while the Democratic demand that the State be left to itself is a demand for the practical paralysis of that vote in those States. Every good citizen wishes that the State, and every State, be "left to itself." But it makes all possible difference in the situation of the Southern States whether they are left to themselves by a government hostile or friendly to the new voter, and the purpose of the late amendments.

FREE SPEECH AND DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic attempt to represent Mr. Wendell Phillips as interrupting the Boston Louisiana meeting in the way in which Rynders and his fellow-Democrats used to "mob" the antislavery meetings, is merely absurd. Rynders and his Democrats came into the Tabernacle meetings, took possession of the platform, ordered the speakers to stop, and stood threateningly by them, saying that they would not permit any disrespectful allusions to the Government. But even then Mr. Garrison, the president, said that the platform was free, and that if any body wished to speak for slavery in an orderly manner, he might do so. In the Boston meeting Mr. Phillips was present as a citizen of Boston. Being recognized, he was called upon to speak by some of the audience, but, according to the report in the *Tribune*, it was not until the last regular speaker had addressed the meeting that, in obedience to calls, Mr. Phillips rose. Then Mr. William Gray, the chairman, said, as Mr. Garrison would have said, "This is Faneuil Hall, and sacred to free speech. If any gentleman desires to speak, he shall be heard." Mr. Phillips then proceeded.

This is compared by Democratic organs to Rynders mobbing an antislavery meeting. The only result of such folly is to remind the public of the fact that Democrats were the relentless and malignant enemies of free speech in this country throughout the last generation; and that from Maine to Missouri, from the hour when Lovejoy was murdered for free speech in Alton down to that when Charles Sumner was murderously attacked by Democrats for free speech in the Senate, and Wendell Phillips was silenced by the tools of the slave-power in Boston, Democrats frantically sought to save slavery by mobbing and murdering the champions of liberty.

PLEAS FOR KELLOGG.

The late military interference in New Orleans, which *Harper's Weekly* has unequivocally condemned, is defended upon three grounds, and three only; and of these one only has even an apparent reason. It is said—and Mr. Wendell Phillips in his eloquent and striking speech in Faneuil Hall has put it as strongly as we have seen it—that the troops were lawfully used under the call of September; for, as "W. M. D." argues in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in reply to what we have said, the rebellion of September 14 continued. The simple and conclusive reply is that the President says in his message that after the troops had been sent under the call of Kellogg in September, "no other disturbances seemed imminent," that is to say, the September summons was exhausted; but the troops were left in a convenient position, should another occasion, as was probable, arise, in which case they could be employed, provided, and only provided, another lawful requisition had been made. Indeed, so far is the President from agreeing with the view of Mr. Phillips, and of "W. M. D.," that he says distinctly, "Whether it was wrong for the Governor......to use such means as were in his power [namely, the United States troops]......is perhaps a debatable question." It seems to us, on the contrary, that, under the circumstances, there was never one less debatable. But nothing is plainer than that, if the President could possibly have said that Kellogg's action was lawful under the call of September, he would not have said that it was debatable.

Moreover, Kellogg's own conduct shows that he did not act upon the theory which is now suggested. On the 9th of December he telegraphed to the President that the White League meant to attack the State-house. If the troops were already under his command from the requisition of September, his dispatch was needless. And that the President did not consider that the troops were under Kellogg's control, but did consider that this was a new requisition, is shown by his reply deprecating the use of the soldiers "in anticipation of danger," and stating that if the authorities were molested, "the question will be determined whether the United States is able to maintain law and order." Did he mean that Kellogg was to determine? Nothing could show more conclusively that neither the Administration nor Kellogg himself considered the troops to be subject to his order under his September call.

The other forms of defense of his conduct are that the Democrats first called in General De Trobriand, and that there are a very ugly spirit and a great many political murders in Louisiana. Such pleas are only contemptible. That Democrats are lawless does not justify the lawlessness of a Republican Governor; and if political murders are committed, the law provides a remedy. Ours is a government of laws, not of men, and we have hitherto boasted that in this republic the law is adequate for the protection of every citizen. Are we ready to renounce that faith because Mr. Kellogg was outwitted by shrewder and bolder schemers?

A WARNING.

It is very evident that the Democratic party relies now, as heretofore, upon its vote in the Southern States. The spirit that animates that vote may be better studied in the Southern Democratic papers than any where else; and we invite attention to the following expressions of feeling in regard to the late events in Louisiana. Is any thoughtful man of opinion that it would be wise to call this spirit to the control of the government?

The Memphis *Appeal* says:

"New Orleans has been as fatal to him [Sheridan] as to Beast Butler, the spoon thief. Hereafter he will be known as Superserviceable Liar Sheridan, to be continued in the army only until a Democratic Congress shall order him before a committee, presided over by Senator Gordon, to whom he shall surrender his commission as a disgraced soldier, with the ineffaceable brand of 'liar' burned to his very heart."

The *Daily Times* of Shreveport, Louisiana, says:

"Some time during the day yesterday the little blackguard and barnburner, ycleped Phil, got in with 'General Order No. 1,' issued from 'Head-quarters Military Division of the Missouri, New Orleans, January 4, 1875.' This, notwithstanding the unnecessary lies he has been telling—unnecessary, because no one believed him....We can not pretend to say what action will be taken by our friends in New Orleans. That they feel outraged beyond patient endurance we can well suppose, but it seems that no effort will be made to resist the infamy by force of arms. Knowing the vindictiveness and meanness of Grant, and the unscrupulous character of the thieves whom he affiliates with and protects, we can not say that we are greatly surprised at the result."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*:

"General Sheridan fears assassination—

'If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success'—

but there's De Trobriand and Merrill and all the small fry—too many to pick off in that way."

The Atlanta (Georgia) *News*:

"To confront the danger which threatens the country—to kill Cæsarism before Cæsar can cross the Rubicon—we believe it necessary to repel force with force. If the people of Louisiana take up arms and drive Sheridan into the Mississippi River, an overwhelming majority of the American people will justify the act."

The St. Louis *Despatch*:

"Kellogg, in eclipse, has fallen back on the Legislature; Sheridan, with his puffed and bloated face, appears on the horizon as the rounded disk of a moon struggling through clouds. The old Romans had the habit of paying their devoirs to the rising and not the setting sun; and if it really is to be Cæsarism, then all hail, Sheridan! True, he is a low squat swash; true, he was content to see stolen from a gallant brother officer in the Valley laurels that all the world knows he had no more right to than the dog to the lion's mane; true, that on neither side can fifty soldiers be found who will declare Sheridan could ever whip any body, man to man, or two even to one; true, that he is immense in plans that circumvent Indians with the plague, that break by violent arrest the legal powers of Representatives, that beleaguer a State-house and overthrow a Legislature; but did a *real* Cæsar any of these things? Instead of Cæsar, it is Cæsarion."

The Memphis *Avalanche*:

"General Sheridan has disgraced humanity, disgraced the name of America, disgraced the army, but he has not disgraced himself. This it was not possible for him to do.....He wants to restore peace to Louisiana as it was once restored to Warsaw. Remember, he carried to Louisiana 'sealed instructions' prepared in the White House. He is but executing a programme whereon is written '1876.' A President is to be elected that year. It is not desirable that the votes of many Southern States should appear in the Electoral College."

The Memphis *Appeal*:

"If there is any independence left in the present Congress, it will see to this immediately upon its assembling on Monday next, and cite both Sheridan and De Trobriand, and, if necessary, bring Grant to the bar of the House to answer for a crime against the nation that we are at a loss to account for, *unless it is that he consented to it at a moment when yet in a maudlin condition from one of his beastly debauches.*"

The New Orleans *Picayune*:

"We know that a military commission means death by the rope or the musket. But why should the Lieutenant-General trouble himself with this superfluous formality? He is familiar with speedier ways of dealing with defenseless people."

Hundreds of innocent and helpless men, women, and children have been persecuted, tortured, and murdered by the partisans of these organs of opinion, and they have been silent, or, with their Northern allies, have spoken only to sneer and jeer at the "outrage mill." Now General Sheridan impetuously describes the ringleaders of those among whom these crimes are committed as banditti who should be summarily dealt with—a passionate military appeal which can not be justified, and should never have been made or published—and the same organs burst into a chorus of long-concealed hate and rage with one of the illustrious soldiers of the Union. These things will be marked and remembered.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has been pervading Washington for a short time, taking stock of matters, and speculating as to who in this rapidly changing republic are to be the coming men in politics. That he has been exchanging stories with Mr. Blaine is quite evident, for, writes he, "The actual coming man, the real leader of the Republicans, is the present Speaker of the House. I can see that he is preparing himself, hardening and radicalizing himself, for the work. He will step down into the hall over which he has presided so long the readiest parliamentarian, not excluding Banks, alive. He has a style at once audacious and penetrating. His knowledge of the arts of Congressional warfare is almost equaled by the infinite variety of his political information. His vitality is amazing." Mr. Watterson doubtless remembers the fact that the Speakership of the House has seldom been the stepping-place to higher positions in the government. The only person who ever ascended from the Speakership to the Presidency was James K. Polk, and the only other Speaker who ever succeeded in obtaining a Presidential nomination was Henry Clay, if we except John Bell, who made a little experiment in 1860 as the candidate of the Constitutional Union party, and received thirty-nine votes, cast by the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia.

—Mr. Gladstone is said to have received $7500 as copyright from his pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, and it is stated that he wrote it in two days. As a per diem occupation, pamphleteering pays better than Parliament.

—There is a story in Paris which says that one of the famous brothers—we will not say whether M. Charles Blanc or M. Louis Blanc—when asked who wrote in the best French style of modern writers, replied, "My brother." "But after your brother?" "I do." Modest, but somewhat truthful.

—Benton G. Boone, the new Speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives, is a grandson of Daniel Boone, that mighty hunter, who, in 1820, was prematurely cut off at ninety, having fought and killed Indians and lived chiefly on Indian from 1769 to 1812. He did little else than shoot things.

—Certainly Mr. Disraeli grows more delightfully witty as he grows older. Recently he made a remark concerning Mr. Greville, the pith of whose journals has just been expressed into the charming "Bric-à-Brac Series," edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Being asked what he thought of Mr. Greville, whom he knew during his lifetime, Mr. Disraeli replied, "He was the vainest man I ever knew; and yet I have read Cicero, *and was intimately acquainted with* Bulwer Lytton."

—Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, who died on the 12th January, was one of the most prominent and popular men of that State. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* speaks of him as one universally admired and esteemed. "Self-respecting, impulsive, liberal, brave, and honest, he combined many of the most opposite traits of character. Without a single vice, he was most genial and companionable. He was blindly courageous, an absolutely fearless man, morally and physically. Of commanding presence and great muscular strength, quick and ready, he exerted all his life unusual personal influence. Yet few men of his bold and active temper ever left so few enemies behind them. He devoted his whole life to his people, his family, and his friends. Open-handed and devoted always, he lived and died without the reproach of a human being who knew him in any of the varied relationships he had sustained as a soldier and as a civilian toward society and the State."

—Benjamin Moran
Is a very good man:

else he would not have declined, as he did, not long since, to receive a bequest of $25,000 made to him by some grateful Englishman whom he had served, and declined it on the ground that he could not receive the gift, even from a dead man, consistently with his official position. It's the more noticeable from the Portug-easy way in which Mr. Moran did it.

—Mr. Chauncey Rose, of Terre Haute, Indiana, has just made a donation of $350,000 to certain local public institutions, in addition to some $300,000 previously given to similar objects elsewhere.

—Jules Verne, one of the most popular authors of the present day, is now forty-six years of age, five feet nine inches in height, and wears a full beard. He is bronzed by ocean travel, and the very picture of rude health. His hair is white, his beard gray, his movements quick and nervous, his words crisp and short, and his eye roving and observant.

—Senator Hamlin, who has just been re-elected United States Senator from Maine, began life as a printer, and for forty years has been constantly in public life. Another printer, General Cameron, now the oldest member of the Senate, has been in high public position for an equal length of time. Mr. Hamlin is sixty-six years of age, and during his career has been a member of the Maine Legislature six years, in three of which he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, member of the United States House of Representatives for four years, Governor of Maine a short time, Senator from Maine sixteen years, Vice-President of the United States four years, and Collector of Customs for the port of Boston four years. Without possessing any of the higher gifts of oratory, he is a man of strong mind, clear-headed and long-headed, patient and persistent, industrious, watchful of the interests of his State, and faithful to his political friends and organization.

—Mr. Corcoran's munificent proposition in reference to the Columbian University has been secured. His offer was to give an estate valued at $250,000 as an endowment fund, on condition that other friends of the institution would raise within a certain period an additional sum of $100,000. The executive committee has announced that the requisite sum has been subscribed, and the citizens of the District of Columbia are thereat in huge delight.

—The first Protestant school in Rome was organized by Mrs. E. B. Gould, the wife of an eminent American physician.

—The first iron ship was built in 1829 by John Laird, of Liverpool, lately deceased.

—The first German publication ever issued in America was a hymn-book, printed by Benjamin Franklin.

—Such jocular things are constantly happening to King Kalakaua! When he visited the Chicago Board of Trade, the Mayor, in presenting him to the members, boggled and blundered over his name. Afterward he said: "King, I'm mighty sorry for what occurred at the Board of Trade to-day. The fact was, you know, I wasn't thinking when I was speaking." The King begged his Honor not to mention the affair. "You see, King," continued the Mayor—"you see, we've got a song that ends every verse with 'The King of the Cannibal Islands,' and I was thinking of that at the time." Something equally droll happened in Boston when his Majesty was there. A Boston man, meeting another Boston man, said to the B. m., "Have you seen King Kalakaua?" "No," replied the second B. m., "I haven't, and don't care to see him. Last night I 'saw' *three kings*, and it cost me a hundred dollars." "Not good."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The most important business before Congress during the week ending January 23 was the following: The "Little Tariff Bill," having been approved by the Senate, was passed by the House January 21.—The Naval Appropriation Bill was signed by the President, and was the first to become a law. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, amounting to nearly $19,000,000, was taken up by the Senate, January 18, and passed, with some amendments, January 20. The Fortification Bill passed the Senate the same day. It amounted to $750,000, which is less than has been asked since the beginning of the war. The Indian Appropriation Bill was reported in the House, January 20, and rejected, because it contained an item of nearly $3,000,000 in discharge of the old Choctaw claim that has been before Congress for more than twenty years. On the following day it was twice reconsidered, and as often voted down, but was finally referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.—The President sent a special message to Congress, January 20, recommending an appropriation of $250,000 for the strengthening of our coast defenses by the conversion of all the heavy smooth-bores into rifled cannon. Referred to the Military Committees in both Houses.—The House Committee of Elections reported a resolution, January 21, that Delegate Cannon, of Utah, be "excluded" from his seat in consequence of his polygamous habits. Resolution ordered printed.—The House Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment, January 21, reported adversely on the bill to reduce the salary of the President of the United States.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to provide for the election of President and Vice-President by direct vote of the people was called up in the Senate January 20, but no conclusion was reached.

Several United States Senators were chosen by the State Legislatures during the week, whose terms will begin March 4, viz., New York, Francis Kernan; Pennsylvania, William A. Wallace; Indiana, Joseph E. M'Donald; Delaware, Thomas F. Bayard; Massachusetts, Henry L. Dawes; Michigan, I. P. Christiancy; Missouri, ex-Confederate General Cockrell; Nebraska, A. S. Paddock.

A bill was introduced in the New York Assembly, January 19, by Mr. Costigan, making very important changes in the charter of this city. It strips the Governor of the power to review the decision of the Mayor in the matter of removals from office, conferring on the latter absolute power to remove for cause any of the present heads of departments, including Messrs. Green, Van Nort, and Smith, retained by the charter of 1873. It also divests the Mayor of the absolute power to fill vacancies, requiring him to submit his nominees, whether to fill vacancies or for full term, to the confirmation or rejection of the Aldermen. Another section wipes out minority representation, and reconstructs the Board of Aldermen so as to consist of twenty-eight members, six elected at large, and the remainder by Senatorial districts, as many in each as there are Assembly districts, to hold office for two years. Referred to the Committee on Cities.

William H. Aspinwall, the well-known merchant of this city, died January 18, aged sixty-seven years. Colonel Augustus F. Allen, member elect of Congress from the Thirty-third District of this State, died January 20.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention met at New Haven, January 20, and nominated James L. Greene for Governor, and Charles L. English for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prussian authorities have closed the Roman Catholic Seminary at Fulda, expelled the head priest from German territory, and sequestrated all the property of the bishop of that diocese.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley died in London January 24, aged fifty-six years.

King Alfonso of Spain has gone north to join the army operating against the Carlists. The commander of the Spanish squadron before Zarauz has been instructed to inflict severe punishment on that town for the insult offered to the German flag by the Carlists. Señor Castelar will soon go to Geneva. He declares that he will refuse to take his seat in the Cortes if he is required to swear allegiance to the monarchy.

The French Assembly opened the debate on the constitutional bills January 21. The first bill introduced was M. De Ventavon's, which confirms M'Mahon's powers, creates a Second Chamber, gives the President the power to dissolve the Assembly, and provides for the fixing of the form of future government at the end of M'Mahon's term by a Congress of two Chambers. The bill was violently opposed by the Left and the Legitimists, and the session broke up, before a vote was arrived at, in great disorder.

THE NEW GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS.—[See Page 114.]

"I STOPPED, AND LOOKED AT THE DUST AND ASHES, AT THE BROKEN CROCKERY AND THE OLD IRON."

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GLENINCH.

"Aha!" said Benjamin, complacently. "So the lawyer thinks, as I do, that you will be highly imprudent if you go back to Mr. Dexter? A hard-headed, sensible man the lawyer, no doubt. You will listen to Mr. Playmore (won't you?), though you wouldn't listen to me?"

(I had, of course, respected Mr. Playmore's confidence in me, when Benjamin and I met on my return to the hotel. Not a word relating to the lawyer's horrible suspicion of Miserrimus Dexter had passed my lips.)

"You must forgive me, my old friend," I said, answering Benjamin. "I am afraid it has come to this—try as I may, I can listen to nobody who advises me. On our way here I honestly meant to be guided by Mr. Playmore—we should never have taken this long journey, if I had *not* honestly meant it. I have tried, tried hard, to be a teachable, reasonable woman. But there is something in me that won't be taught. I am afraid I shall go back to Dexter."

Even Benjamin lost all patience with me this time.

"'What is bred in the bone,'" he said, quoting the old proverb, "'will never come out of the flesh.' In years gone by, you were the most obstinate child that ever made a mess in a nursery. Oh, dear me! we might as well have staid in London!"

"No," I replied, "now we have traveled to Edinburgh, we will see something (interesting to *me*, at any rate) which we should never have seen if we had not left London. My husband's country-house is within a few miles of us here. To-morrow we will go to Gleninch."

"Where the poor lady was poisoned?" asked Benjamin, with a look of dismay. "You mean that place?"

"Yes. I want to see the room in which she died; I want to go all over the house."

Benjamin crossed his hands resignedly on his lap. "I try to understand the new generation," said the old man, sadly. "But I can't manage it. The new generation beats me."

I sat down to write to Mr. Playmore about the visit to Gleninch. The house in which the tragedy had occurred that had blighted my husband's life was, to my mind, the most interesting house on the habitable globe. The prospect of visiting Gleninch had, indeed (to tell the truth), strongly influenced my resolution to consult the Edinburgh lawyer. I sent my note to Mr. Playmore by a messenger, and received the kindest reply in return. If I would wait until the afternoon, he would get the day's business done, and would take us to Gleninch in his own carriage.

Benjamin's obstinacy—in its own quiet way, and on certain occasions only—was quite a match for mine. He had privately determined, as one of the old generation, to have nothing to do with Gleninch. Not a word on the subject escaped him until Mr. Playmore's carriage was at the hotel door. At that appropriate moment Benjamin remembered an old friend of his in Edinburgh. "Will you please to excuse me, Valeria? My friend's name is Saunders—and he will take it unkindly of me if I don't dine with him today."

Apart from the associations that I connected with it, there was nothing to interest a traveler at Gleninch.

The country round was pretty and well cultivated, and nothing more. The park was, to an English eye, wild and badly kept. The house had been built within the last seventy or eighty years. Outside, it was as bare of all ornament as a factory, and as gloomily heavy in effect as a prison. Inside, the deadly dreariness, the close oppressive solitude, of a deserted dwelling wearied the eye and weighed on the mind, from the roof to the basement. The house had been shut up since the time of the Trial. A lonely old couple, man and wife, had the keys, and the charge of it. The man shook his head in silent and sorrowful disapproval of our intrusion when Mr. Playmore ordered him to open the doors and shutters, and let the light in on the dark deserted place. Fires were burning in the library and the picture-gallery, to preserve the treasures which they contained from the damp. It was not easy, at first, to look at the cheerful blaze without fancying that the inhabitants of the house must surely come in and warm themselves! Ascending to the upper floor, I saw the rooms made familiar to me by the Report of the Trial. I entered the little study, with the old books on the shelves, and the key still missing from the locked door of communication with the bed-chamber. I looked into the room in which the unhappy mistress of Gleninch had suffered and died. The bed was left in its place; the sofa on which the nurse had snatched her intervals of repose was at its foot; the Indian cabinet, in which the crumpled paper with the grains of arsenic had been found, still held its little collection of curiosities. I moved on its pivot the invalid table on which she had taken her meals and written her poems, poor soul! The place was dreary and dreadful; the heavy air felt as if it was still burdened with its horrid load of misery and distrust. I was glad to get out (after a passing glance at the room which Eustace had occupied in those days) into the Guests' Corridor. There was the bedroom at the door of which Miserrimus Dexter had waited and watched! There was the oaken floor along which he had hopped, in his horrible way, following the footsteps of the servant disguised in her mistress's clothes! Go where I might, the ghosts of the dead and the absent went with me, step by step. Go where I might, the lonely horror of the house had its still and awful voice for Me: "*I* keep the secret of the Poison; *I* hide the mystery of the death!"

The oppression of the place became unendurable. I longed for the pure sky and the free air. My companion noticed and understood me.

"Come!" he said. "We have had enough of the house. Let us look at the grounds."

In the gray quiet of the evening we roamed about the lonely gardens, and threaded our way through the rank neglected shrubberies. Wandering here and wandering there, we drifted into the kitchen-garden—with one little patch still sparely cultivated by the old man and his wife, and all the rest a wilderness of weeds. Beyond the far end of the garden, divided from it by a low paling of wood, there stretched a patch of waste ground, sheltered on three sides by trees. In one lost corner of the ground an object, common enough elsewhere, attracted my attention here. The object was a dust heap. The great size of it, and the curious situation in which it was placed, roused a moment's languid curiosity in me. I stopped, and looked at the dust and ashes, at the broken crockery and the old iron. Here, there was a torn hat; and there, some fragments of rotten old boots; and, scattered round, a small attendant litter of torn paper and frouzy rags.

"What are you looking at?" asked Mr. Playmore.

"At nothing more remarkable than the dust heap," I answered.

"In tidy England, I suppose, you would have all that carted away, out of sight," said the lawyer. "We don't mind in Scotland, as long as the dust heap is far enough away not to be smelled at the house. Besides, some of it, sifted, comes in usefully as manure for the garden. Here, the place is deserted, and the rubbish in consequence has not been disturbed. Every thing at Gleninch, Mrs. Eustace (the big dust heap included), is waiting for the new mistress to set it to rights. One of these days you may be queen here—who knows?"

"I shall never see this place again," I said.

"Never is a long day," returned my companion. "And time has its surprises in store for all of us."

We turned away, and walked back in silence to the park gate, at which the carriage was waiting.

On the return to Edinburgh, Mr. Playmore directed the conversation to topics entirely unconnected with my visit to Gleninch. He saw that my mind stood in need of relief; and he most good-naturedly, and successfully, exerted himself to amuse me. It was not until we were close to the city that he touched on the subject of my return to London.

"Have you decided yet on the day when you leave Edinburgh?" he asked.

"We leave Edinburgh," I replied, "by the train of to-morrow morning."

"Do you still see no reason to alter the opinions which you expressed yesterday? Does your speedy departure mean that?"

"I am afraid it does, Mr. Playmore. When I am an older woman, I may be a wiser woman. In the mean time, I can only trust to your indulgence if I still blindly blunder on in my own way."

He smiled pleasantly, and patted my hand—then changed on a sudden, and looked at me gravely and attentively, before he opened his lips again.

"This is my last opportunity of speaking to you before you go," he said. "May I speak freely?"

"As freely as you please, Mr. Playmore! Whatever you may say to me will only add to my grateful sense of your kindness."

"I have very little to say, Mrs. Eustace—and that little begins with a word of caution. You told me yesterday that when you paid your last visit to Miserrimus Dexter you went to him alone. Don't do that again. Take somebody with you."

"Do you think I am in any danger, then?"

"Not in the ordinary sense of the word. I only think that a friend may be useful in keeping Dexter's audacity (he is one of the most impudent men living) within proper limits. Then, again, in case any thing worth remembering and acting on *should* fall from him in his talk, a friend may be valuable as witness. In your place, I should have a witness with me who could take notes—but then I am a lawyer, and my business is to make a fuss about trifles. Let me only say—go with a companion when you next visit Dexter; and be on your guard against yourself when the talk turns on Mrs. Beauly."

"On my guard against myself? What do you mean?"

"Practice, my dear Mrs. Eustace, has given me an eye for the little weaknesses of human nature. You are (quite naturally) disposed to be jealous of Mrs. Beauly, and you are, in consequence, not in full possession of your excellent common-sense when Dexter uses that lady as a means of blindfolding you. Am I speaking too freely?"

"Certainly not. It is very degrading to me to be jealous of Mrs. Beauly. My vanity suffers dreadfully when I think of it. But my common-

sense yields to conviction. I dare say you are right."

"I am delighted to find that we agree on one point," he rejoined, dryly. "I don't despair yet of convincing you in that far more serious matter which is still in dispute between us. And, what is more, if you will throw no obstacles in the way, I look to Dexter himself to help me."

This roused my curiosity. How Miserrimus Dexter could help him, in that or in any other way, was a riddle beyond my reading.

"You propose to repeat to Dexter all that Lady Clarinda told you about Mrs. Beauly," he went on. "And you think it is likely that Dexter will be overwhelmed, as you were overwhelmed, when he hears the story. I am going to venture on a prophecy. I say that Dexter will disappoint you. Far from showing any astonishment, he will boldly tell you that you have been duped by a deliberately false statement of facts, invented and set afloat, in her own guilty interests, by Mrs. Beauly. Now tell me, if he really tries, in that way, to renew your unfounded suspicion of an innocent woman, will *that* shake your confidence in your own opinion?"

"It will entirely destroy my confidence in my own opinion, Mr. Playmore."

"Very good. I shall expect you to write to me, in any case; and I believe we shall be of one mind before the week is out. Keep strictly secret all that I said to you yesterday about Dexter. Don't even mention my name when you see him. Thinking of him as I think now, I would as soon touch the hand of the hangman as the hand of that monster! God bless you. Good-by."

So he said his farewell words at the door of the hotel. Kind, genial, clever—but oh, how easily prejudiced, how shockingly obstinate in holding to his own opinion! And *what* an opinion! I shuddered as I thought of it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. PLAYMORE'S PROPHECY.

WE reached London between eight and nine in the evening. Strictly methodical in all his habits, Benjamin had telegraphed to his housekeeper, from Edinburgh, to have supper ready for us by ten o'clock, and to send the cab-man whom he always employed to meet us at the station.

Arriving at the villa, we were obliged to wait for a moment to let a pony-chaise get by us before we could draw up at Benjamin's door. The chaise passed very slowly, driven by a rough-looking man, with a pipe in his mouth. But for the man, I might have doubted whether the pony was quite a stranger to me. As things were, I thought no more of the matter.

Benjamin's respectable old housekeeper opened the garden gate, and startled me by bursting into a devout ejaculation of gratitude at the sight of her master. "The Lord be praised, Sir!" she cried. "I thought you would never come back!"

"Any thing wrong?" asked Benjamin, in his own impenetrably quiet way.

The housekeeper trembled at the question, and answered in these enigmatical words:

"My mind's upset, Sir; and whether things are wrong or whether things are right, is more than I can say. Hours ago, a strange man came in and asked"—she stopped as if she was completely bewildered, looked for a moment vacantly at her master, and suddenly addressed herself to me—"and asked," she proceeded, "when *you* was expected back, ma'am. I told him what my master had telegraphed, and the man says upon that, 'Wait a bit' (he says); 'I'm coming back.' He come back in a minute or less; and he carried a Thing in his arms which curdled my blood—it did!—and set me shaking from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I know I ought to have stopped it; but I couldn't stand upon my legs, much less put the man out of the house. In he went, without *with* your leave, or *by* your leave, Mr. Benjamin, Sir—in he went with the Thing in his arms, straight through to your library. And there It has been all these hours. And there It is now. I've spoken to the police; but they wouldn't interfere—and what to do next is more than my poor head can tell. Don't you go in by yourself, ma'am! You'll be frightened out of your wits—you will!"

I persisted in entering the house, for all that. Aided by the pony, I easily solved the mystery of the housekeeper's otherwise unintelligible narrative. Passing through the dining-room (where the supper-table was already laid for us), I looked through the half-opened library door.

Yes! there was Miserrimus Dexter, arrayed in his pink jacket, fast asleep in Benjamin's favorite arm-chair! No coverlet hid his horrible deformity. Nothing was sacrificed to conventional ideas of propriety, in his extraordinary dress. I could hardly wonder that the poor old housekeeper trembled from head to foot when she spoke of him.

"Valeria!" said Benjamin, pointing to the Portent in the chair. "Which is it—an Indian idol? or a man?"

I have already described Miserrimus Dexter as possessing the sensitive ear of a dog. He now showed that he also slept the light sleep of a dog. Quietly as Benjamin had spoken, the strange voice roused him on the instant. He rubbed his eyes, and smiled as innocently as a waking child.

"How do you do, Mrs. Valeria?" he said. "I have had a nice little sleep. You don't know how happy I am to see you again. Who is this?"

He rubbed his eyes once more, and looked at Benjamin. Not knowing what else to do in this extraordinary emergency, I presented my visitor to the master of the house.

"Excuse my getting up, Sir," said Miserrimus Dexter. "I can't get up—I have got no legs. You look as if you thought I was occupying your chair. If I am committing an intrusion, be so good as to put your umbrella under me, and give me a jerk. I shall fall on my hands, and I sha'n't be offended with you. I will submit to a tumble and a scolding—but please don't break my heart by sending me away. That beautiful woman, there, can be very cruel sometimes, Sir, when the fit takes her. She went away when I stood in the sorest need of a little talk with her—she went away, and left me to my loneliness and my suspense. I am a poor deformed wretch, with a warm heart, and (perhaps) an insatiable curiosity as well. Insatiable curiosity (have you ever felt it?) is a curse. I bore it till my brains began to boil in my head; and then I sent for my gardener, and made him drive me here. I like being here. The air of your library soothes me; the sight of Mrs. Valeria is balm to my wounded heart. She has something to tell me—something that I am dying to hear. If she is not too tired after her journey, and if you will let her tell it, I promise to have myself taken away when she has done. Dear Mr. Benjamin, you look like the refuge of the afflicted. I am afflicted. Shake hands like a good Christian, and take me in."

He held out his hand. His soft blue eyes melted into an expression of piteous entreaty. Completely stupefied by the amazing harangue of which he had been made the object, Benjamin took the offered hand, with the air of a man in a dream. "I hope I see you well, Sir," he said, mechanically—and then looked round at me to know what he was to do next.

"I understand Mr. Dexter," I whispered. "Leave him to me."

Benjamin stole a last bewildered look at the Object in the chair, bowed to it, with the instinct of politeness which never failed him, and (still with the air of a man in a dream) withdrew into the next room.

Left together, we looked at each other, for the first moment, in silence.

Whether I unconsciously drew on that inexhaustible store of indulgence which a woman always keeps in reserve for a man who owns that he has need of her, or whether, resenting as I did Mr. Playmore's horrible suspicion of him, my heart was especially accessible to feelings of compassion in his unhappy case, I can not tell. I only know that I pitied Miserrimus Dexter, at that moment, as I had never pitied him yet; and that I spared him the reproof which I should certainly have administered to any other man who had taken the liberty of establishing himself, uninvited, in Benjamin's house.

He was the first to speak.

"Lady Clarinda has destroyed your confidence in me!" he began, wildly.

"Lady Clarinda has done nothing of the sort," I replied. "She has not attempted to influence my opinion. I was really obliged to leave London, as I told you."

He sighed and closed his eyes contentedly, as if I had relieved him of a heavy weight of anxiety.

"Be merciful to me," he said, "and tell me something more. I have been so miserable in your absence!" He suddenly opened his eyes again, and looked at me with an appearance of the greatest interest. "Are you very much fatigued by traveling?" he proceeded. "I am hungry for news of what happened at the major's dinner party. Is it cruel of me to tell you so, when you have not rested after your journey? Only one question to-night, and I will leave the rest till to-morrow. What did Lady Clarinda say about Mrs. Beauly? All that you wanted to hear?"

"All, and more," I answered.

"What? what? what?" he cried, wild with impatience in a moment.

Mr. Playmore's last prophetic words were vividly present to my mind. He had declared, in the most positive manner, that Dexter would persist in misleading me, and would show no signs of astonishment when I repeated what Lady Clarinda had told me of Mrs. Beauly. I resolved to put the lawyer's prophecy—so far as the question of astonishment was concerned—to the sharpest attainable test. I said not a word to Miserrimus Dexter, in the way of preface or preparation; I burst on him with my news as abruptly as possible.

"The person you saw in the corridor was *not* Mrs. Beauly," I said. "It was the maid, dressed in her mistress's cloak and hat. Mrs. Beauly herself was not in the house at all. Mrs. Beauly herself was dancing at a masked ball in Edinburgh. There is what the maid told Lady Clarinda; and there is what Lady Clarinda told *me*."

In the absorbing interest of the moment, I poured out those words one after another as fast as they would pass my lips. Miserrimus Dexter completely falsified the lawyer's prediction. He shuddered under the shock. His eyes opened wide with amazement. "Say it again!" he cried. "I can't take it all in at once. You stun me."

I was more than contented with this result—I triumphed in my victory. For once, I had really some reason to feel satisfied with myself. I had taken the Christian and merciful side in my discussion with Mr. Playmore, and I had won my reward. I could sit in the room with Miserrimus Dexter, and feel the blessed conviction that I was not breathing the same air with a poisoner. Was it not worth the visit to Edinburgh to have made sure of that?

In repeating, at his own desire, what I had already said to him, I took care to add the details which made Lady Clarinda's narrative coherent and credible. He listened throughout with breathless attention—here and there repeating the words after me to impress them the more surely and the more deeply on his mind.

"What is to be said? what is to be done?" he asked, with a look of blank despair. "I can't disbelieve it. From first to last, strange as it is, it sounds true."

(How would Mr. Playmore have felt if he had heard those words? I did him the justice to believe that he would have felt heartily ashamed of himself!)

"There is nothing to be said," I rejoined, "except that Mrs. Beauly is innocent, and that you and I have done her a grievous wrong. Don't you agree with me?"

"I entirely agree with you," he answered, without an instant's hesitation. "Mrs. Beauly is an innocent woman. The Defense at the Trial was the right Defense after all."

He folded his arms complacently; he locked perfectly satisfied to leave the matter there.

I was not of his mind. To my own amazement, I now found myself the least reasonable person of the two!

Miserrimus Dexter (to use the popular phrase) had given me more than I had bargained for. He had not only done all that I had anticipated, in the way of falsifying Mr. Playmore's prediction, he had actually advanced beyond my limits. I could go the length of recognizing Mrs. Beauly's innocence; but at that point I stopped. If the Defense at the Trial was the right defense, farewell to all hope of asserting my husband's innocence! I held to that hope as I held to my love and my life.

"Speak for yourself," I said. "My opinion of the Defense remains unchanged."

He started, and knit his brows as if I had disappointed and displeased him.

"Does that mean that you are determined to go on?"

"It does."

He was downright angry with me. He cast his customary politeness to the winds.

"Absurd! Impossible!" he cried, contemptuously. "You have yourself declared that we wronged an innocent woman when we suspected Mrs. Beauly. Is there any one else whom we can suspect? It is ridiculous to ask the question! There is no alternative left but to accept the facts as they are, and to stir no farther in the matter of the poisoning at Gleninch. It is childish to dispute plain conclusions. You *must* give up."

"You may be angry with me, if you will, Mr. Dexter. Neither your anger nor your arguments will make me give up."

He controlled himself by an effort—he was quiet and polite again when he next spoke to me.

"Very well. Pardon me for a moment if I absorb myself in my own thoughts. I want to do something which I have not done yet."

"What may that be, Mr. Dexter?"

"I am going to put myself into Mrs. Beauly's skin, and to think with Mrs. Beauly's mind. Give me a minute. Thank you."

What did he mean? what new transformation of him was passing before my eyes? Was there ever such a puzzle of a man as this? Who that saw him now, intently pursuing his new train of thought, would have recognized him as the childish creature who had woke up so innocently, and had astonished Benjamin by the infantine nonsense which he talked? It is said, and said truly, that there are many sides to every human character. Dexter's many sides were developing themselves at such a rapid rate of progress that they were already beyond my counting.

He lifted his head, and fixed a look of keen inquiry on me.

"I have come out of Mrs. Beauly's skin," he announced. "And I have arrived at this result: We are two impetuous people; and we have been a little hasty in rushing at a conclusion."

He stopped. I said nothing. Was the shadow of a doubt of him beginning to rise in my mind? I waited, and listened.

"I am as fully satisfied as ever of the truth of what Lady Clarinda told you," he proceeded. "But I see, on consideration, what I failed to see at the time. The story admits of two interpretations. One on the surface, and another under the surface. I look under the surface, in your interests, and I say it is just possible that Mrs. Beauly may have been cunning enough to forestall suspicion, and to set up an Alibi."

I am ashamed to own that I did not understand what he meant by the last word—Alibi. He saw that I was not following him, and spoke out more plainly.

"Was the maid something more than her mistress's passive accomplice?" he said. "Was she the Hand that her mistress used? Was she on her way to give the first dose of poison when she passed me in the corridor? Did Mrs. Beauly spend the night in Edinburgh so as to have her defense ready, if suspicion fell upon her?"

My shadowy doubt of him became substantial doubt when I heard that. Had I absolved him a little too readily? Was he really trying to renew my suspicions of Mrs. Beauly, as Mr. Playmore had foretold? This time I was obliged to answer him. In doing so, I unconsciously employed one of the phrases which the lawyer had used to me during my first interview with him.

"That sounds rather far-fetched, Mr. Dexter," I said.

To my relief, he made no attempt to defend the new view that he had advanced.

"It *is* far-fetched," he admitted. "When I said it was just possible—though I didn't claim much for my idea—I said more for it perhaps than it deserved. Dismiss my view as ridiculous—what are you to do next? If Mrs. Beauly is not the poisoner (either by herself or by her maid), who is? She is innocent, and Eustace is innocent. Where is the other person whom you can suspect? Have *I* poisoned her?" he cried, with his eyes flashing, and his voice rising to its highest notes. "Do you, does any body, suspect Me? I loved her; I adored her; I have never been the same man since her death. Hush! I will trust you with a secret. (Don't tell your husband; it might be the destruction of our friendship.) I would have married her, before she met with Eustace, if she would have taken me. When the doctors told me she had died poisoned—ask Dr. Jerome what I suffered; *he* can tell you! All through that horrible night I was awake, watching my opportunity until I found my way to her! I got into the room, and took my last leave of the cold remains of the angel whom I loved. I cried over her. I kissed her, for the first and last time. I stole one little lock of her hair. I have worn it ever since; I have kissed it night and day. O God! the room comes back to me! the dead face comes back to me! Look! look!"

He tore from its place of concealment in his bosom a little locket, fastened by a ribbon round his neck. He threw it to me where I sat, and burst into a passion of tears.

A man in my place might have known what to do. Being only a woman, I yielded to the compassionate impulse of the moment.

I got up and crossed the room to him. I gave him back his locket, and put my hand, without knowing what I was about, on the poor wretch's shoulder. "I am incapable of suspecting you, Mr. Dexter," I said, gently. "No such idea ever entered my head. I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

He caught my hand in his, and devoured it with kisses. His lips burned me like fire. He twisted himself suddenly in the chair, and wound his arm round my waist. In the terror and indignation of the moment, vainly struggling with him, I cried out for help.

The door opened, and Benjamin appeared on the threshold. Dexter let go his hold of me.

I ran to Benjamin, and prevented him from advancing into the room. In all my long experience of my fatherly old friend I had never seen him really angry yet. I saw him more than angry now. He was pale—the patient, gentle old man was pale with rage! I held him at the door with all my strength.

"You can't lay your hand on a cripple," I said. "Send for the man outside to take him away."

I drew Benjamin out of the room, and closed and locked the library door. The housekeeper was in the dining-room. I sent her out to call the driver of the pony-chaise into the house.

The man came in—the rough man whom I had noticed when we were approaching the garden gate. Benjamin opened the library door in stern silence. It was perhaps unworthy of me, but I could not resist the temptation to look in.

Miserrimus Dexter had sunk down in the chair. The rough man lifted his master with a gentleness that surprised me. "Hide my face," I heard Dexter say to him, in broken tones. He opened his coarse pilot jacket, and hid his master's head under it, and so went silently out—with the deformed creature held to his bosom, like a woman sheltering her child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW PARIS OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS magnificent structure, of which we give an engraving on page 112, is the largest building of the kind in the world. The grand theatres at St. Petersburg, Berlin, Munich and Turin sink into insignificance by comparison. It has been many years in course of construction. An imperial decree of Napoleon III., issued in September, 1860, declared the building of a new opera-house to be a work of public utility; and after many competitive examinations, M. CHARLES GARNIER, an architect of distinction, was intrusted with the undertaking. He was, however, hampered by many restrictions imposed by the caprice of the Emperor, who had innumerable notions to be gratified in regard to the internal arrangements.

The site of the building is in the Boulevard des Italiens. The first difficulty in its construction was the unusual depth required for its foundations. It was needful to provide space under-ground for the immense cavern destined for the machinery and decorations of the theatre. A depth of nearly twenty yards was wanted for this purpose beneath the stage; and, in order to avoid raising it too high, it was necessary to sink the foundations far below the waterline in this part of Paris. The water, therefore, had not only to be exhausted in the immediate vicinity of the foundations, but a space sufficient had to be drained to prevent all possibility of dampness, and a double wall was then built round it. It took more than a year to lay the foundations, and eight pumps, worked by eight engines of forty-eight horse-power, were employed to pump out the water, acting day and night, without interruption, for seven months and eleven days.

The first visible foundation-stone of the edifice was laid on the 21st of July, 1862, and twelve years more were required for its completion. It progressed so satisfactorily, however, that it could be used as a fire-proof magazine during the siege of Paris, and many valuable paintings, with other works of art, were deposited there. It is probably one of the most solid structures in the world. Among other external features worthy of notice are the separate coverings of the stage and the house proper, the stage having a large gable roof, the house a low cupola, suggestive of the house's inner form. At a lower level are seen the roofings of the minor parts of the building and the small domes quaintly spanning over the side pavilions. Thus the outer building bespeaks its inner arrangement. This many-leveled roofing is certainly a new device, for the old play-houses are, as a rule, capped with one comprehensive roof. The principal front of the building is a smooth-walled basement story, on which rests large coupled Corinthian columns, whose intercolumniations are occupied by smaller Corinthian columns. These smaller columns bear bulls'-

eyes framing busts of musical composers. The smaller columns, meant to do duty as an ornamental screen, are of deeply colored marble, with gilt capitals, whereas the large coupled or twin columns on which rests the whole structure are of hard white limestone. The ornamental effect of the smaller columns has unfortunately been rather spoiled by the heavy attic over the front, which so dwarfs the larger columns that the smaller columns seem to have been called in as extra hands to help in carrying the building. The front elevation presents a system of gracefully broken general lines. The lateral elevation is equally varied. The pavilion, which forms a centre to this elevation, contains the private rooms which had been designed for the Emperor. Two carriage-ways lead up to it, a covered way inside and an uncovered way outside. The grand staircase rises to the first story under a large quadrangular dome, supported on each side by three arches resting on red granite columns. Behind these arches are seen the bronze balustrades of the smaller landing-places. The vaulted room under the theatre is surrounded by a circular archway, and is to be used as a vestibule by persons alighting from carriages under the eastern pavilion. As for the stage, it is high and deep enough to allow of slips as large as the stage curtain being freely moved up and down, to and fro. At the back of the stage, for the dancers, is a fantastic retiring-room, which can be opened out to the stage.

The internal arrangements are on a scale commensurate with the immense size of the edifice; but the great space occupied by the stage and the apartments for the use of the singers, dancers, and the regular service of the opera has resulted in rather cramped accommodations for the spectators. The boxes are narrow and uncomfortable, and the space between the tiers is much too low. The decorations, both within and without, are extravagantly lavish. Even the mouths of the heating pipes, placed mostly out of sight, are designed by celebrated artists, and the bill for useless gilding must have been something enormous. The building is lighted by eight thousand four hundred jets of gas. It was opened to the public on the 5th of January.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fourth annual meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association will be held in New York on Tuesday, the 9th day of February, at the office of George Shepherd Page, No. 10 Warren Street, and will probably be the occasion of a large gathering of persons interested in what may be considered as almost a new industry in the United States. The meeting of 1874 was very largely attended by an enthusiastic membership, and in the continually growing attention to the subject it is probable that every section of the country will be fully represented.

This organization is composed of gentlemen engaged or interested in practical fish-culture, as also of most of the State Commissioners of Fisheries, and includes in its membership gentlemen of the United States and Canada, all political lines being thus ignored. The meeting will probably occupy two days, and on the 11th of February a special meeting, to be composed exclusively of the Fish Commissioners of the several States and Canada, has been called by Professor Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Professor Karsten, in an address delivered before the Society of German Scientists and Physicians, stated that the comparatively mild temperature which characterizes the west coast of Norway is not, as has been hitherto considered, the effect of the Gulf Stream, but of a warm current of water that leaves the Baltic when the cold weather sets in.

Professor Owen has presented a communication to the Geological Society of London upon a peculiar form of "sea-cow," or sirenian mammal, named by him *Eotherium ægyptiacum*, which existed in the shallow waters from which the upper part of the nummulitic limestone of Egypt was deposited. The portion of the remains obtained shows that the animal had a relation to the recently extinct *Rhytina stilleri* and to the *Holitherium*.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* quotes from a New Mexican paper an account of a very rich and extensive copper region lately opened in New Mexico and Arizona, in the vicinity of the White Mountain Indian Reservation, which from its importance seems likely to eclipse all other mining portions of the Southwest. This results partly from the great amount of ore of unsurpassed richness, and partly from the simple method by which the metal may be reduced. In the region referred to one solid wall of copper ore has been exposed for a distance of 250 feet, and from ten to fifteen feet in height, and of enormous width, yielding seventy per cent. of pure copper. Still larger veins have been found in the neighborhood.

Among the so-called lost arts one of the most deeply lamented has been that of the manufacture of malleable glass, said to have been known to the ancients, but the secret of which has long since perished. It is stated that a French experimenter has lately succeeded in rediscovering this art, and in making glass which, instead of being brittle, is as ductile as copper or iron, and that he has already begun to erect a building for the manufacture of the glass on a large scale.

Dr. Carpenter calls attention to the researches on ocean currents and deep-sea temperatures of Lenz, who accompanied the Russian exploring expedition of Kotzebue in 1823–26, and made a large number of observations of temperatures of the ocean water with thermometers whose indications were carefully corrected for the influence of the pressure of the water. Lenz deduced the important conclusion that there is at and under the equator a belt of water cooler than the water to the north and south of it, the existence of which is explained on the principle that there must be a flow of warm surface water from the equatorial regions toward either pole, which must be accompanied by a corresponding flow toward the equator in the lower regions of the ocean, so that at the equator itself, where the two deep-sea currents meet, cool water rises to the surface. This principle is that which has been independently propounded by Dr. Carpenter to explain the cold band between the Gulf Stream and the United States coast, and justifies him in the statement that his own researches during the past ten years have but afforded a confirmation and elaboration of Lenz's doctrine of oceanic circulation.

The death of Johan Wilhelm Zetterstedt, of Stockholm, is announced as having taken place in that city. This gentleman was an eminent Swedish entomologist, and for many years Professor of Natural History at Lund.

We have to record the recent publication of another portion of the important work upon the economical and natural history of the insects of the United States undertaken by Professor T. Glover, of the Agricultural Department, at Washington, and upon which he has been engaged for many years. He has made a special study of such species as the cotton-worm, the army-worm, and other destructive insects in their field of operations, and, as entomologist of the Agricultural Department, he has for a long time had an extensive correspondence with inquirers and students throughout the country.

Many years ago he commenced illustrating the entomology of the country by engraving the various species of insects directly upon copper plates, and he has now several hundred such plates completed, containing illustrations of several thousand species, among them nearly all of the various orders that are in any way interesting or important, either from their general prominence or from their relations to man, as being destructive or beneficial.

For the purpose of putting his labors before the public he has commenced issuing monographs of particular orders and families, and has already published one volume on the Orthoptera. He has just sent forth a second volume, entitled *Manuscript Notes from my Journal of Illustrations of Insects, Native and Foreign; Diptera, or Two-winged Flies.*

This, in accordance with the plan adopted by him, contains thirteen plates, embracing many hundreds of species in their different stages of egg, grub, chrysalis, and perfect insect, together with illustrations of the methods by which they attack the products of the soil.

The text is very conveniently arranged for practical use by means of analytical tables describing the families, genera, and species, and there are cross-references by which all the Diptera are enumerated that attack particular plants, and at the same time all the plants are mentioned that are troubled by the same insect.

In a measure the works of Professor Glover may be considered as illustrations of the series of entomological publications of the Smithsonian Institution, and as such have an additional value. With a view of reducing the expense of publishing his works, Professor Glover has adopted the ingenious method of writing the text on lithographic paper, and having it transferred to and printed from the stone.

The one thing to be regretted is the smallness of the edition of this valuable work by Professor Glover, only forty-five copies having been issued. It is to be hoped that the public will insist upon its reproduction in proper book form, especially as none of the copies published are for sale.

Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office in London, reports that perfect success has attended the adoption of Amsler's planimeter in the calculation of the average daily temperatures. The instrument was applied directly to the photographic sheets of the self-recording instruments, and was also applied to the reduced copies of these sheets, as published in the quarterly weather reports, and the results thus obtained check each other satisfactorily.

We find mention in the *American Naturalist* for December of the death, on the 5th of October, of Francis Walker, an eminent entomologist, for many years connected with the British Museum, and the author of a series of publications upon the Diptera.

Notwithstanding the excellent work of Leverrier upon the movement of the planet Mercury, the theory of this planet can not yet be considered as definitely settled. The Jablonowski Society in Leipsic therefore offers a prize of 700 marks for a thorough investigation of the forces that determine the motion of Mercury. Reference to the previous labors and suggestions of Laplace, Leverrier, Hansen, William Weber, and Zöllner are required; and besides the complete computation of the perturbations, it will be necessary to make a comparison with some observations in order to show to what degree of accuracy the constants can be determined. The construction of complete tables may be reserved to a future time.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Geological Survey of New Jersey was held in Trenton in November, at which most of the members were present. The annual report of the State Geologist was presented and approved.

It may be remembered that the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, after having completed the line of soundings made for the purpose of selecting a suitable route for a transpacific cable, under Commander Belknap, again started on the same duty, under the charge of Captain Erben, leaving San Francisco on the 1st of November direct for the Sandwich Islands.

The *Hawaiian Gazette* of December 2 announces her arrival at Honolulu, and remarks that in all sixty-two casts of the sounding-line were made, the first near the Farallones, the water gradually deepening from that point to 2500 fathoms. In latitude 33° 10′ and longitude 132° the depth began rapidly to diminish, showing 1417, 435, 413, and finally 385 fathoms in latitude 32° 58′. Numerous observations were made, which showed that there was a submarine peak rising about 2200 fathoms from the ocean bed. Beyond this, for a circuit of five miles around this peak, deep water was found in every direction, and a few miles from the peak 2500 fathoms were reached. From this the depth gradually increased, until in latitude 24°, longitude 152°, the depth was 3115 fathoms. This was only about four hundred miles from Honolulu.

The soundings brought up from the peak showed a mixture of lava and coral, which is supposed to be indicative of a submarine volcano. The temperature at the bottom was found to vary but little from 35° to 36° F.

The results of the survey, according to the *Gazette*, are satisfactory, showing, if any thing, a better line between Honolulu and San Francisco than that from San Diego.

An interesting feature of the late international agricultural exposition at Bremen was a display of articles illustrative of the methods of investigation and instruction in agricultural science. Among the rest were the equipments of a so-called "normal experiment station," including the different kinds of apparatus and fixtures needful for a station in which investigations in various departments of agricultural chemistry are carried on.

Apparatus for distillations, for determining nitrogen in fertilizers, for the analysis of milk and fodder materials, models and plans of respiration apparatus, graphic delineations of results of experiments, and, indeed, the experiments themselves in actual process, contributed to the interest of the exhibition.

Mr. Lockyer briefly reviews the state of our knowledge as to the spectroscopic observations of comets. In general observers seem to agree that these bodies consist, in part at least, of not very dense incandescent vapor, while in some cases very dense or possibly very complex vapors, or even glowing solid substances, seem to have been present. Huggins first suggested the idea that the rarer cometary vapors might be composed of nitrogen, but subsequently suggested the theory that a comet is composed of carbon, and that a temperature prevails high enough to volatilize a portion of this substance, giving rise to the three bands coinciding with those of olefiant gas. Mr. Vogel has, however, shown that this is a very questionable theory, and that we are justified in concluding that only a portion of the light emitted by the comet is its own light, and very probably comes from glowing gas. Mr. Lockyer, moreover, found the nucleus of Coggia's comet deficient in blue rays, whence its temperature must be low, which conclusion is further justified by the fact that the cometary light gives channeled space spectra, which latter are peculiar to low temperatures.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"The Fraternity" is the name given to an unostentatious but valuable institution in Salem, Massachusetts. Similar charities are established in many cities, but "The Fraternity" has some features peculiar to itself. The boys of the streets are invited to come to the well-lighted, warm, and comfortable rooms of this establishment and enjoy themselves. They may talk, play at games, read, listen to music, or, if they choose, be instructed in the rudiments of education, or even in more advanced studies. The main room is devoted to amusements, being furnished with small tables and chairs. A lady directress sits in this room and gives out the checkers, dominoes, puzzles, or whatever articles are required for the games, all gambling games being prohibited. Adjoining this room is a reading-room amply provided with newspapers and magazines, and connected with it is a library of about 1500 volumes. These books are loaned to the boys, and it is a noteworthy fact that out of the large number taken out not more than half a dozen have been lost, although no other pledge is exacted for their return than the name and residence of the borrower. There is a room, also, devoted to instruction. Sometimes an amusing or instructive lecture is given suited to the tastes and capacities of the audience. The boys go and come as they please. All that is required of them is to behave as well as they can. And it is remarkable what restraint they maintain, how clean and tidy they try to make themselves, and how much comfort and enjoyment they seem to take in the arrangements made for them. Although the evening visitors vary from two to six hundred, seldom is any boy sent away for misconduct. If any excitement occurs, a few persuasive words from the directress is sufficient to quiet it. Girls are allowed the privileges of the library, and recently a suggestion has been made that an amusement-room should be provided for them also. Institutions similar to "The Fraternity" may well be multiplied. Pleasant occupation in cheerful rooms will keep street boys from mischief, from crime, and from prison.

During the recent extremely cold weather two fishermen of Canarsie, Long Island, were frozen to death. They went out late one afternoon, with two companions, in separate row-boats, to fish for clams. The weather was bitterly cold, and the boats became entangled in the ice. When the men did not return at dark, the neighbors, anxious for their safety, made fires along the shore at different points. As soon as daylight came a search was instituted, and after much difficulty and suffering two of the missing men were found. They were almost unconscious, but when they revived they were unable to give any account of their companions. The condition of the bay and the severity of the weather prevented any further search for some days, but at length the other two men were found sitting at their oars, but frozen dead.

The *Ocean King*, an American clipper intended for the California trade, is one of the largest sailing vessels afloat. It was built at Kennebunk, Maine, and has been brought to this port for lading. This vessel, it is said, when laden will draw within one foot of the largest draught of water that is safe when carried out of Sandy Hook. The extreme length of the ship is 260 feet, and her carrying capacity is estimated at 4000 tons weight and measurement.

A kindly thoughtful lady is one Mrs. B——, of Rochester. By her arrangement on a recent intensely cold Sunday evening a young man treated the car-drivers on one of the city routes with fried cakes and hot coffee. He jumped on the car with his coffee and cakes as it passed his house, and rode until he met another car, allowing the driver to partake of the warm beverage and cakes. When he met another car, he took that, and treated the driver in a similar manner.

"Tear-of-the-Cloud" and the "Moss-pool" are two lakelets in the Adirondack region. During the topographical survey of 1873, the details of which have been recently made public by the report of Mr. Verplanck Colvin, it was discovered that these lakelets are the mountain sources of the Hudson. In the language of the report they are designated as "the highest pond source of the Hudson River."

The following stanza, which contains a good thought, is from a little poem referred to the pen of Charles Dickens:

"Don't crowd: the world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of all are open wide—
The realm of thought is free.
In all earth's places you are right
To chase the best you can—
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man."

This is the way they do it in California, if reports are to be credited. A German was riding along the street in Sacramento, when he heard a pistol-shot behind him, and felt his hat vibrate. He turned, saw a man with a revolver, took off his hat, and found a bullet-hole.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party. "That's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German; "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, Sir. Won't you take a drink?"

A French medical journal says that Nélaton was for many years accustomed to prescribe the use of alcohol for the prevention of small abscesses or boils. It appears that this treatment is now becoming more general in France. As soon as the characteristic redness appears, with a point rising in the middle, the part should be rubbed thoroughly, and several times, with camphorated alcohol. A little camphorated olive-oil should then be applied, and the affected place covered.

Kalakaua, the name of his Hawaiian Majesty, means, when translated, "Day of battle."

The coal mines of China have been represented to be of larger extent than any of Europe or the United States. Hitherto they have been worked in Chinese fashion, that is, by men carrying the coal on their backs to the surface. But now the Chinese propose to work their mines after the fashion of Western nations—an indication of progress not to be mistaken.

At length the students of Harvard College have concluded to dine after the recitations of the day are over and a large portion of the hard study is finished. They will have dinner at six o'clock.

An exchange gives a pathetic account of destitution in a pretty little Massachusetts village—we will omit the name. The sketch is evidently written in good faith by an enthusiastic Baptist, but there is a touch of the ludicrous in it. We quote the following: "We want Baptist young men in our mills, also a Baptist dentist, a Baptist 'meatman,' a Baptist milkman, a Baptist barber, a Baptist dry-goods merchant, and Baptists to start business of all kinds. We want Baptist ladies too. Baptist girls who will carry their religion into the mills will be a godsend. A first-class Baptist milliner is needed. The Baptist Society is the most intelligent here, and the pastor will gladly answer any letters of inquiry from smart Baptist people."

France annually consumes 24,000,000 pounds of tobacco. All this tobacco is bought by the government, and sold in the government interest.

The famine in Turkey is still severe. Missionaries gratefully acknowledge the receipt of money sent by friends in America for the relief of their "suffering neighbors."

One of the speakers at a recent teachers' meeting in a certain town in Central New York declared mental arithmetic to be "the school-room Juggernaut, beneath whose wheels many a bright intellect is crushed." The idea is expressed strongly, but there is something in it deserving of consideration.

The following anecdote, illustrative of absolute power, is related of the Emperor Paul of Russia. One day when the Czar was driving in his carriage, he passed a stalwart young soldier, and the following conversation ensued:

"Step into my carriage, lieutenant."

"I am only a private, sire."

"The emperor never makes a mistake, captain."

"I obey, sire."

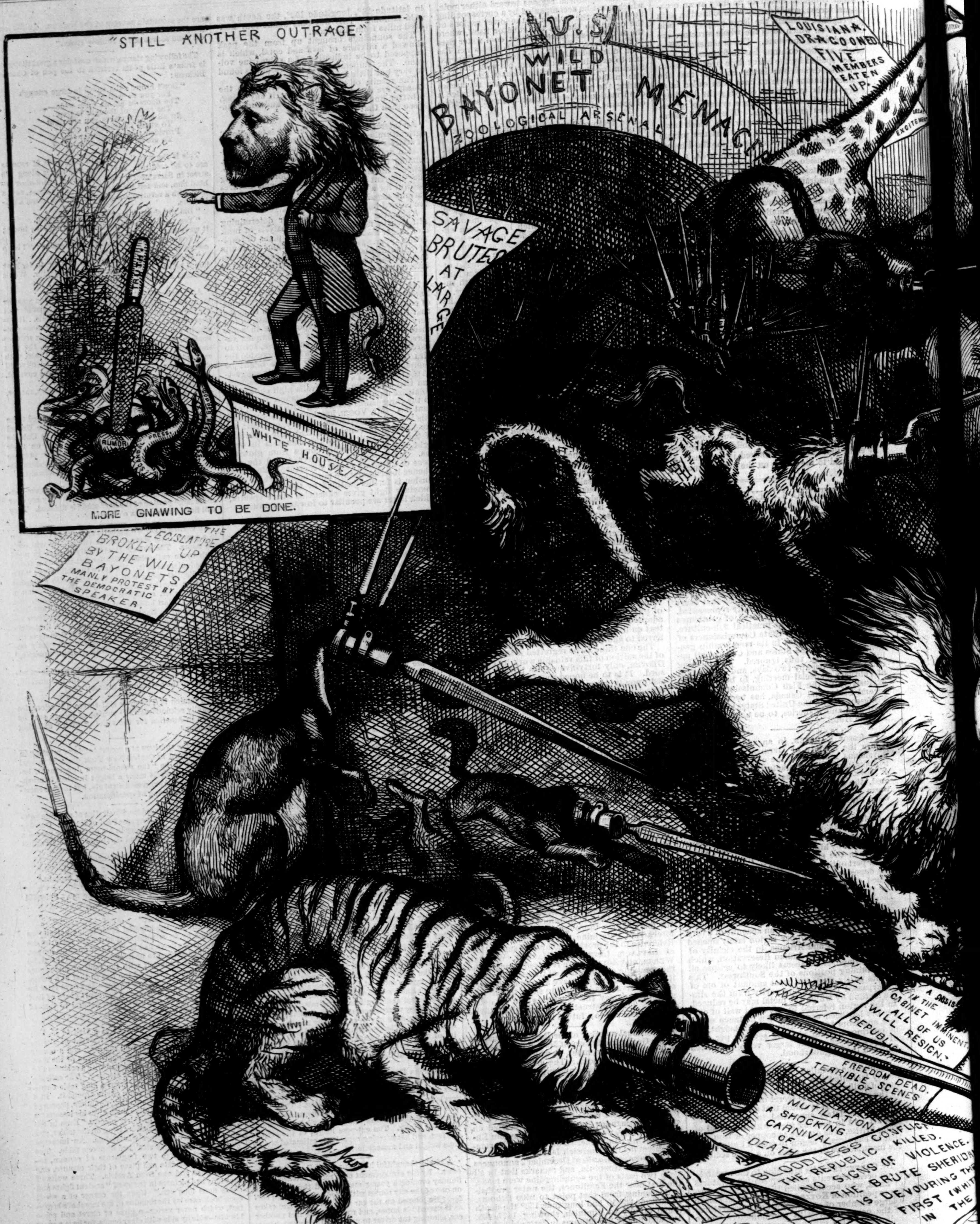
"Very well, major, sit down beside me. Splendid weather, is it not?"

"Sire, if I dared—"

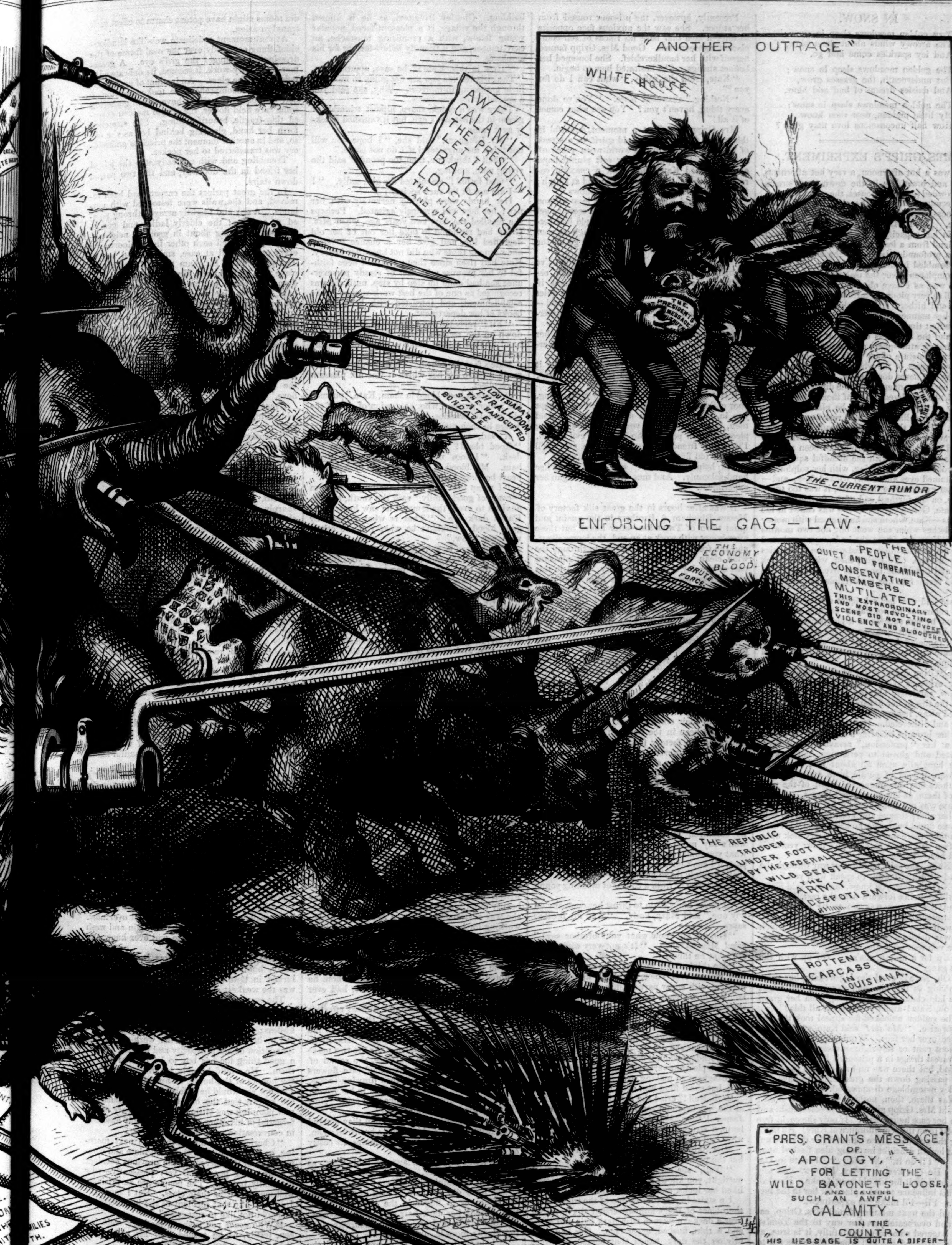
"What is it, colonel?"

Unluckily for the imperial favorite, his patron was compelled by an appointment to return early to the palace. If the drive had lasted a few minutes longer, he would have risen to be field-marshal. As it was, he had to content himself with the rank of major-general. Perhaps it mattered the less in that at a subsequent interview with the emperor a few days later he descended step by step during the short space of half an hour from the grade of major-general to that of common soldier.

The *Figaro* gives an account of a visit to M. Von Moltke's house by a temporary resident of Berlin. The building is of brick, well guarded, and a stately staircase leads to the private apartments of the marshal. The rooms are all furnished with a coldness and severity in style any thing but pleasing. The *salle des conférences* is unfurnished, except a long table covered with green cloth, and plain chairs around it. In a corner are two chests, containing, doubtless, papers of importance. M. Von Moltke there gives his lessons on military art to twenty or thirty officers. Even in the marshal's study no books were lying on the tables, and only a single newspaper was visible. An immense map of Strasburg was stretched over one table. The paper-weights were two fragments of cannon, inscribed with the date and place of their capture, one from France and one from Austria. Three walls of the study had pictures in fresco of "ancient fights and deeds done long ago." Upon the corner of a small open book-case lay the remains of the marshal's breakfast, which never varies—a glass of claret and some biscuits—side by side with cigar boxes, for he is a great smoker, and even takes snuff. The bedroom which leads from this apartment is as simple as the rest. Behind a screen stands a little iron bedstead. From one of its corners was hanging a furred cap of eccentric form; beside it, on the floor, a small valise, ready packed, and a large map-case; on the table a portrait of Madame Von Moltke, who died in 1868, at Christmas. There was another portrait, representing her at twenty years old or so.



THE BIGGEST SCARE AND HOAX YET!—THE WILD AN



AN S LET LOOSE AGAIN BY THE ZOOMORPHISM PRESS.

IN SNOW.

THE golden meadows sleep in snow;
The arrowy winds about them blow,
And icy sparkles come and go.

The golden meadows sleep in snow;
But underneath, the grasses grow,
And daisies dream of bud and blow.

The golden meadows sleep in snow:
My little maiden, dost thou know
How half unconscious love may grow?

MRS. GRIPP'S EXPERIMENT.

IT was a hot afternoon, a very hot afternoon, close and breathless in the down-town streets, the crowded tenement-houses, the populous lanes, and teeming cellars of the city. A wearisome heaviness weighed down the atmosphere every where. Good Mrs. Gripp, stout Mrs. Gripp, who in her capacity of prison visitor was reading aloud from a learned and leather-bound volume a profound discourse to the female prisoners assembled in the Tombs chapel, felt herself less complacent over the task than usual. Mrs. Gripp was, as I have observed, stout, very stout, as well as very pious. Sturdily bent on doing her duty, and hitherto quite undisturbed by doubts as to her manner of doing it, on this afternoon, for the first time, the good woman felt her spirits flag, and the nameless odors that floated in the reformatory atmosphere of that dingy "chapel," the gray moisture of its walls, the colorless and hopeless aspect of the whole place, sickened her as they had never done before.

As her eye wandered over the dingy, ill-looking crowd, she wondered if any of them *were* weary, if any of them would really be glad to get out of this way of life, or coveted rest from their ill-doing. There they sat—Red-headed Moll, who had revolved back and forth from work-house to jail ever since Mrs. Gripp had been visitor; Monkey-faced Sal, with the dreadful squint and the broken nose; and Meg, with her sulphurous red-rimmed eyes and wanly wicked face; and—Did her eyes deceive her? No, it was too true! There, on the furthest end of the furthest bench, sat Kate, Gallows Kate, as she was called in the prisons—Kate, whom she had helped with money and clothes when she went out not two months since—Kate, for whom she had prayed and read sermons, and had interceded with the authorities many a time. This girl, then, with her black eyes and handsome face, was irredeemable, like all the rest. She was incorrigible, as every body said.

Kate had won her sobriquet among her facetious comrades by constantly turning up in the prisons, by her success as a pickpocket, and by a certain defiant recklessness of consequences, which rendered it probable she would one day graduate with the highest honors out of the school of crime.

Mrs. Gripp sighed again as she looked at this living evidence of her failure. Kate sat in the shadow, carelessly blowing off a bit of feather from the tips of her fingers, and catching it as it floated away, inconsequent, inattentive, and very dirty and disheveled. But the good woman had seen her brought in, after a long and successful raid at her "profession," arrayed like a lady, flounced and gloved to perfection, and looking down haughtily upon all about her, as though she were indeed of gentle birth and breeding. Yet there she sat among the vilest of the vile, one of them, as low as the very lowest.

Kate was not celebrated for her meek temper, and her sharp tongue and keen retorts were held in some dread by those who had to deal with her; but to-day there was a worn and weary look upon her face that made Mrs. Gripp's heart yearn toward her.

"Kate," she said, making her way through the crowd—"Kate, I want to speak with you."

"No time now, you know, ma'am," said Kate, shortly, pressing forward with the rest.

But the matron was not to be rebuffed so. She stretched out her hands almost as if to clasp this waif away from the frouzy crowd with which she was drifting cellward. "Kate," she said, "are you sent up again, after all?"

"Up for a month, ma'am. Go up with the next gang."

"Oh, Kate!" cried the big woman, her voice trembling as this one soul to whom she might have laid claim seemed slipping from her grasp—"oh, Kate! aren't you tired of all this?"

The sudden unlooked-for appeal took the girl by surprise. "*Ma'am!*" said Kate, while a flush passed over her face. Words of real sympathy, without cant or self-righteousness in them, are the rarest things in a prisoner's life. Kate half paused, but there was no further time for delay, and passing down the great stone passage, the motley assemblage disappeared.

Was there, then, nothing more to be done? Should Mrs. Gripp give up her hopeless task, and take her ease henceforth? If only she could free herself from the remembrance of Kate! All night long the girl's dark face haunted her dreams, until at length a bright inspiring idea flashed upon her. "I'll do it," she said; "I'll write to Jasper. He can keep a secret, I know. At any rate, he'll do it for his old aunt's sake. He shall use his influence to get a place for her in the factory. I'll—I'll make the experiment."

And the next morning found Mrs. Gripp, eager and overheated, on her way to the Tombs. She lingered somewhat doubtfully, it is true, as she approached the cell where she expected to meet Kate's sharp eyes flashing upon her defiantly from the grating. No such greeting awaited her, however. Kate had fallen ill in the night. She lay stretched out on her cot, pale as death, and looking in the gray light strangely worn and wasted. Her eyes were closed as Mrs. Gripp entered, almost doubtful if this were the woman of whom she was in search.

Presently, however, the prisoner roused from her stupor. She saw the anxious face opposite to her—a face that bore no traces of self-complacent righteousness. Good Mrs. Gripp fanned herself with her handkerchief. She loosened her bonnet strings. She hesitated how to begin.

"Kate," said she, softly, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," answered Kate. "You've done every thing, haven't you? You see what comes of it all!"

Mrs. Gripp sat silent a moment, doubtful if this were a flare-up of the old spirit, or a streak of real childishness in this world-worn wreck of a woman. She put out her soft plump hand and smoothed Kate's hair with a coaxing, caressing motion. "No, Kate," she said at length; "I haven't done every thing, God knows."

"Well," said Kate, quietly, "at least all you knew how to, I suppose. You can't seem to get at it, you know. Oh, you good people had better just leave us alone: we only laugh at you. And there's nothing for us but just to go on the old way."

"Kate, listen to me. I've a plan for you; I've thought of it all night," said the good lady, eagerly. "Kate, if you went away, you know, if you got clean away from all this, in some quiet country nook, with green trees and fresh air—and—don't you think, Kate, you *could* do differently?"

Kate rose up suddenly on her straw pillow, her clouded eyes lit up, a wistful expression overspread her weary features.

"Ma'am," said she, "I've often thought it would clean the wickedness right out of me, but—"

"But nothing, Kate. If you've gone wrong, poor child, it's all along of the place we've kept you in, and I'll get you away out of it. And then, Kate, then when you're at work among pleasant clean people, who know no evil of you, I'll be your friend, and you'll be mine, and you'll drop the old life forever—won't you, Kate?"

"So help me Heaven!" said Kate, lifting her hand solemnly. And thus Mrs. Gripp began her experiment.

It was after hours in the great silk factory of Messrs. Bingham & Brothers in the quaint and quiet town of Twistville—after hours, but these after-hours, with work at an end, the looms silent, and the fresh country air wafting in through the wide clean rooms, were not the least pleasant part of the day in the old factory. And in this breezy town people did not flee from their work as if they had left the plague behind them. A stray workman lingered here and there about the place, and at the entrance a knot of girls stood in eager talk as they tied their bonnet strings.

"Kate Nelson isn't going," cried one. "She told me so."

"Not going!" repeated a pretty, fair-haired, round-faced lass. "Why, she must go; we'll make her go—won't we, girls? Why, what would Mrs. Bingham say?"

For the Bingham brothers, be it known, were kindly people, who desired to keep up a friendly spirit with their employés, and who time out of mind had been in the habit of giving a yearly festival to the factory folk. This pleasant custom had been interrupted for a year or two past by the death of the elder brother, at whose mansion the gathering had always been held; but this year his widow, in honor of her son, the junior partner of the house, proposed to renew the old hospitalities.

"Oh," cried a bright-eyed, sharp-visaged girl, Bell Skinner by name, the daughter of a scantily employed village lawyer, "Mrs. Bingham won't say much, I guess. I never could see what you found in Kate Nelson, Mary. For my part, if I can't choose my associates in the mill, I shall certainly do so out of it."

"Of course!" from a chorus of mocking young voices.

"I never knew Kate to thrust her company on any one," said Mary, hotly. "And my brother says—"

"Oh, we all know what your brother says," cried Miss Skinner. "It's not very difficult to see what he thinks."

"He thinks Kate just the smartest, brightest, best girl he ever knew," said the flaxen-haired maiden, with eager partisanship. "And so she is. See how steady she's worked, and how hard she's studied nights to learn to keep accounts and—"

"Well," said Miss Skinner, with her nose in the air, "she's worked her way above her betters, however she did it. It's all very well to be a close student when it doesn't cost you a penny—makes a pleasant variety from flirting with Charley Bingham to making eyes at the school-master; but she'd fling him over, crutches and all."

"Oh, Bell!" cried the girls in chorus, shocked at the rudeness and coarseness of the speech, for Jasper Perley, Mary's brother, was little and lame, a struggling school-teacher, whose kindly ways had endeared him to them all.

Miss Skinner looked abashed for a moment, but she gathered up her courage.

"Well," she said, laughing, "I'm frank and outright, you know, girls; always was. I never liked her looks, and I say so—that's all."

Up stairs in a corner of one of the wide rooms the object of Bell's animadversion sits lingering over a desk: a woman with dark hair and eyes, and a thin, flushed, eager face. Her hands lie idly on the desk, hands that somehow attract your attention—blue-veined, restless, significant. A figure and face, this, full of expression, vivid, energetic, forceful.

The girl sits illuminated in the slant rays of the twilight, her countenance almost made beautiful by its halo. So, apparently, thinks young Mr. Bingham, pausing in the doorway as he makes his final round for the night through the building. Charley Bingham, as he is known through the village, is a pleasant-faced, popular young fellow, with a promising mustache, an easy temper, and a friendly fellow-feeling for his employés.

"How is this, Kate?" he says, approaching. "The girls tell me you are not going to mother's little gathering to-morrow. Why, she sent you a special invite, you know."

There was a quick, sharp, almost triumphant gleam in the listener's eye, but it vanished quickly as it came.

"Mr. Bingham," said she, "I hope you will not think me ungrateful if I do not come."

"Shall I think you, then, too proud?" said the young man, smiling.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the girl, sadly. "I—I am not fit for such society; I—"

Her hands were playing nervously with her pen; her face was strangely agitated. Perhaps she recalled the day, two years ago, when Mrs. Gripp had proffered to take her out of her old degraded life, and give her a chance to start anew among those who did not know her history. Kate had risen since then; she had been faithful to her promise; by dint of steady perseverance she had gone up step by step, until she was recognized as one of the best work-women in the establishment, and intrusted with keeping the books of her department.

"Fit?" repeated the young man, as he looked down on the restless, dainty fingers. "Such a hand as that should make a place for you any where."

Kate's face darkened. Those hands had often made a place for her which it was not pleasant to recollect.

"There is good blood in them, Kate," pursued the junior partner, who, as a scion of one of the old county families, prided himself on being a judge in such matters.

A sad, sarcastic smile curled Kate's lip. "Good blood!" she repeated, rising from her desk. "I know not what you mean, Mr. Bingham. My blood is good enough to keep my heart beating, I suppose."

"I mean that you must have been well born—come of good family," said the youth, hastily, anxious to avoid the tempest he saw lowering in Kate's dark eye. "That is what I mean by good blood. Couldn't be what you are otherwise, you know."

"And there is your miserable Christian infidelity!" cried the girl, haughtily—"your treachery to the very doctrines you profess, you well-to-do, well-established, benevolent, and church-going people! Good blood, forsooth! If you are good because your mother before you, softly cradled and kindly nurtured, knew nothing of wrong, and I am evil because *mine*, starved, kicked, and beaten, was thrust upon the streets, like me, Mr. Bingham, where is your virtue and where is my vice, and whose is the responsibility?"

She spoke in a strained, excited voice, every feature quivering with emotion, while the young man stood startled and abashed at the sudden vehemence he had evoked. He did not understand this girl, much as he admired her.

"Come, come, Kate," he said, "I meant no offense, you know. It's only my hobby. You've been overworking yourself, and grown nervous. But you must come up to-morrow; we shall have grand doings, and you need recreation, I'm sure. I shall get Mary Perley to persuade you."

The girl burst into tears at the words of boyish good feeling; the hardness and haughtiness passed out of her face.

"I hardly know what I say sometimes, Mr. Bingham," she said, softly, "and I believe I have been growing nervous. You must forgive me."

"Forgive you!" The young man took her extended hand, but he dropped it hastily: it was harder to look at Kate's quivering lip and tearful eye than on her haughty and angry countenance when excited. He departed hastily, casting a wistful glance backward at the woman whose beauty lured him so strangely. She was poor—she was a stranger to him, a mere factory girl, working for her bread, capricious and high-tempered, too, and—what was that she had said about good blood?

And yet this woman had touched his heart as no one of unquestionable birth, no one of undoubted standing and fashion, no one whom he had known all the years of his life, had ever done.

Mary's persuasions were not without effect, it appeared, for on the evening of the festival she walked arm in arm with her friend Kate up the leafy avenue beyond which gleamed Mrs. Bingham's gayly lighted mansion. As the two made their way up the wide staircase, the sound of merry voices and the perfume of rare flowers floating to them from the open drawing-rooms, Mary, elate and expectant, turned to her friend, with girlish gladness in her face, and said, "Now ain't you glad you came, Kate?"

Kate answered with a smile, and they entered the dressing-room. Ah! what a beautiful room, with its tall mirrors, its shining lamps, its costly *bijouterie!*

"It takes my breath away!" said Mary, as she glanced about her. "Ah! if *we* could only have such beautiful things, Kate!"

But Kate did not care to look at the beautiful things or to linger in the beautiful room. She dressed her dark hair carelessly, smoothed her stuff dress, and stood in the doorway waiting Mary's more leisurely toilet.

It happened that the two were alone in the room, and Mary, lingering coquettishly at the glass, surveyed her plump figure in its floating muslin and blue ribbons admiringly.

"I wish I was a lady!" she said, with a sigh, as she shook out her light ringlets.

Mary's philosophy was not very deep, perhaps; but in some way it seemed to her, as it has seemed to wiser people, that costly mirrors and splendid rooms might have potent charm to effect such transfiguration.

At that moment a delicate web-like handkerchief, flung carelessly over the oval frame of the dressing-glass, caught the girl's eye. A gossamer bit of fairy-work, it seemed, its delicate edge reflected in the glass. An instinct of appropriation, subtle, incomprehensible, took possession of her. Much as she might have felt in gathering some rare field flower, the simple maiden coveted this fragile, beautiful thing. She stretched forth her hand, glancing behind her as she did so, and in another moment the priceless embroidery was transferred to her pocket.

Trembling and with unsteady step she joined her friend in the doorway, and the two passed down stairs.

In the great parlors the carpets had been removed, and the walls were festooned with garlands. A gay and brightly arrayed throng passed to and fro; the elderly ladies and gentlemen were chatting about in groups; neighboring people greeted each other in the doorways; every one seemed at ease, smiling, and happy. The portly Mrs. Bingham sat in friendly conclave with white-haired Mrs. Lester, whose children all worked in the factory. Grace Bingham, a pretty, lively child, the sole daughter of the house, flitted airily from room to room.

"Grace," said Mrs. Bingham, "run up stairs and bring me the handkerchief I left in the dressing-room. I want to show Mrs. Lester a piece of real old-time lace. A bit of priceless nonsense," she added, turning to the old lady, "such as we can never hope to imitate with all our modern looms and machinery. It has been in the family the best part of a century, I believe."

Grace departed alert, but speedily returned, whispering something anxiously in her mother's ear.

"Nonsense, child!" said the lady, with a flushed face. "I left it there but a little while ago. You have not half looked for it."

"Can I go and get what you want, ma'am?" said Bell Skinner, who sat near, resplendent in pink muslin and gilded bracelets.

"No, thank you," replied Mrs. Bingham, sharply, her stateliness of demeanor somewhat shaken. "I'll go myself."

Apart, in a long-curtained bay-window, stood Mary Perley, looking down on the garden below, which glittered with unnumbered Chinese lanterns. Soft airs were playing about her; the silvery fountain plashed below. It was all like an enchanted scene. So absorbed she stood that she did not see a figure approaching her, nor feel the touch of a quick and slender hand, light of movement as thistle-down. Softly as a spirit might have done it the handkerchief was withdrawn from its hiding, and Kate, slipping noiselessly up stairs by a back way which her quick eye had espied, reached the dressing-room, and flung the bauble from her upon the floor before Mrs. Bingham's slower steps had reached the landing.

Bell Skinner sat watching, seeing little, conjecturing much.

The excited face of little Grace, her hurried whisper, her mother's hasty exit, had caught the quick eyes and ears of the sensitive guests, and there was a general buzz of relief when Mrs. Bingham entered holding up the beautiful handkerchief.

"My careless little Grace," she said, "I think you owe an apology to our young friends for keeping them from the dance so long. Come, let us have some music!"

But one eye turned upon this scene, wide, scared, and bewildered. Wan, trembling guiltily, scarce comprehending what she saw, Mary staggered forward, gasping for breath. But a friendly arm upheld her, a friendly hand drew her back to the shelter of the curtains again.

"Oh, Kate!" she cried, bursting into tears. "Oh, how, *how* did you save me, Kate? Oh, what would my poor brother have said!"

"Hush!" said her friend, as the girl sobbed hysterically on her bosom; "it is all over now. Come, let us go down to the fountain and wash your eyes, dear, and no one will ever know any thing of it."

"But I shall always know it, Kate," said Mary, humbly. "I shall think an evil spirit lurked in that beautiful room, and saw that I was the weakest and wickedest that entered it."

The evening passed gayly with music and dancing, and the grand supper out in a tent under the trees. Mrs. Bingham was a very courteous hostess; she prided herself on making her guests feel at home. They were her work-people, the foundation of her prosperity and wealth. It was a good thing for her boy to be popular among them. He would be able by-and-by to uphold the honors of the house, as his father had done. Perhaps she would have felt less complacent had she known that the boy for whose welfare she was planning was sitting apart in a leafy arbor, forgetful of his other guests, and deeply absorbed in conversation with Kate Nelson.

"Charles," said his mother the next morning, as they sat sipping their chocolate and commenting on the success of the previous evening, "every thing passed off very pleasantly—very pleasantly indeed. The people are surprisingly well-mannered for their class. But I must say I did not like that incident of the handkerchief. I should not like to suspect—"

"Who *could* you suspect, mother?" said her son, testily, as he turned over his newspaper. "You knew every body, didn't you?"

"Well, nearly, but there were some new-comers, you know. I made no distinctions, of course; but Bell Skinner—"

"Bell Skinner! Mother, you haven't been listening to her twaddle? She would make mischief among the angels in heaven."

"Meaning the girls at the factory," said his mother, smiling. "Well, my lad, she merely

mentioned seeing Kate Nelson leave the room hastily when the handkerchief—"

"Confound the handkerchief!" interrupted the youth, disrespectfully. "I'd stake my reputation on Kate's honesty as well as her beauty. She's too good for a fellow, though."

His mother looked at him with astonishment. "Charles," she observed, with asperity, "am I to understand—"

"Understand any thing you like, mother. She's the noblest woman living, I think, though *she did refuse me last night.*" And this spoiled young man swallowed his last drop of scalding chocolate, snatched up his hat, and made a hasty exit, leaving his mother with uplifted hands and eyes turned heavenward, doubtless thanking the benignant powers which had averted the unforeseen calamity.

But a shadow had fallen upon Kate's pathway, a shadow not to be easily dispelled. In various ways, almost as lightly as the leaves fall in the woods, a change came over her summer of prosperity, and she was made to feel the subtle force, the chilling influence, of suspicion. She had borne prison and penury once. She had been used to feel despised and outcast once; but now, since her soul had lifted itself into a purer atmosphere, the remembrance of those days was bitter as death, and she had grown keenly sensitive to every slight, to every averted glance that seemed to suggest the insecurity of her present position, and threatened to recall the old time. Reform! What was the untried goodness of these untempted girls, the spotless repute of these gibing women, to the fierce effort, the strong struggle, this one poor soul had made to wrench itself from the old ties, to cut itself loose from the old evil?

And all in vain! It soon became evident that Kate was no longer popular among the factory people, that they eyed her coolly, and shunned her openly as she came and went. Only Mary Perley, anxious and sympathetic, clung to her friend.

But Kate never went near the school-room now to take her evening lessons. Those pleasant hours were over. The lame school-master, looking sadly from his doorway, longed vainly for the pleasant companion whose quick ways and ready wit had so often cheered him. Sometimes he caught a distant glimpse of her figure as she strayed down the slope leading from his cottage to the woods; but she seemed to avoid him, and even to shrink from the clinging love of his sister.

Forsaken by her young companions, she grew to haunt the woods, and to seek companionship with inanimate things. Sometimes the poor fellow followed her uneasily afar off, filled with painful conjectures as to what drew her into the solitude. There was a still, dark pool in those woods, a shadowy, secretive pool, withdrawn in tideless reverie apart from the sunlight. This solitary lakelet appeared to have strange attractions for Kate; she lingered in its vicinity sometimes long after night had set in.

Poor Kate! this dusky sheet seemed to her an alluring place of rest, lying solemn and significant at the very gate of the other life. Vision-like and beautiful the spectre of suicide rose from its depths and beckoned her away. She had done her best, and failed. It would be so sweet to be at rest from it all; to have no dread of going back to that old life; to have finished the wearisome and futile effort of this!

So thought poor Kate as she sat one afternoon in the glimmering dusk of twilight looking down into the sinister depths of the lonely lake. Good Mrs. Gripp! kind Mrs. Gripp! it was hard to tell her that her experiment had been a failure. But she need not know it—not yet. When the experiment was entirely at an end, down in these watery depths, it would be time enough. Kate smiled bitterly, crouching there in the loneliness, as she thought of it. She had written to Mrs. Gripp, hinting that she was going to another place. Another place! Already the shadow of that solemn Somewhere seemed to brood over her.

Perhaps the girl said a brief, wild prayer in that hour of bitterness. Perhaps the remembrance of some stray bright moments checkered its darkness—the quiet evenings at the old school-house, the patient, kindly Jasper. Would he miss her when she was gone, and track her out first in this lonely spot? Her thoughts were dim and dazed; all things were sweeping away dizzily, as to a traveler making swift transit to a station further on.

But the vague, strange death reverie which had fallen upon her was suddenly interrupted by the sound of footsteps. Footsteps seldom intruded on this solitude, and shrinking apart, with her dark purpose written legibly in face and attitude, Kate shivered guiltily, as, looking up, she beheld—Mrs. Gripp.

"Kate!" cried the good woman, rushing forward and clasping the girl in her arms. "Oh, we've been looking for you this half hour, Perley and I. Gripp, you see, is on his way West—he's got the notion to settle there—and I just told him I must get off at this station and take a look at you. But you're looking pale, child. You've been working yourself to death. Another place, indeed! I've a notion to bundle you right off West with me."

The old lady spoke volubly and excitedly; but if she suspected the purpose which had brought her protégée to this lonely spot, she did not betray it. It was Jasper Perley who, standing beside her, shook visibly, and found no words, reading with the magnetic instinct of love the wan face of the rescued girl.

"Now, Jasper," said Mrs. Gripp, turning sharply upon him, "is this the way you take care of my Kate, when I've written you so often to look after her? Now just stop in here," she added, as, emerging from the woods, they approached the little school-house—"just stop in here and give an account of yourself."

She seated herself, smiling, on one of the bare benches, with Kate beside her, pale and quiet.

"I would have taken better care of her, aunt," said the school-master, "if—"

"If what? Come, speak it out like a man. It's my opinion, Jasper, *you'd* better go West, to learn to speak your mind when you have one."

"If—" said Jasper, patiently.

"Every thing's drifting West, Gripp says," eagerly interrupted Mrs. Gripp, wiping her face with her handkerchief, as if the idea had overheated her. "They want workmen, they want work-women, they want school-teachers. We're getting old and heavy, Gripp and I, but I've often thought, Jasper, how much better you might have done out there if—"

"If," said Jasper, bluntly, his eyes resting on Kate's shrinking figure—"if I had ever dared ask *her* to be my wife."

"Dare now. She's a good girl, and has promised to do as I bid her. Haven't you, Kate?"

"Oh, madam," cried Kate, hiding her blushing face in her hands, "he would not look at me if he knew all!"

"I always have known all, Kate, my dear, dear friend," said Jasper. "And I know, too, how you sacrificed yourself for my sister. She has confessed it all to me. There is nothing more you can tell me, save that we two may walk the rest of our lives together, helping each other and strengthening each other to the end."

"Amen!" said Mrs. Gripp.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Tuesday,	2.—	Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	7.—	Quinquagesima Sunday.
Wednesday,	10.—	Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	14.—	First Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	17.	Ember-Days.
Friday,	19.	Ember-Days.
Saturday,	20.	Ember-Days.
Sunday,	21.—	Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	24.—	St. Matthias.
Sunday,	28.—	Third Sunday in Lent.

MARCH.

Sunday,	7.—	Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	14.—	Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	21.—	Sunday before Easter.
Thursday,	25.—	Annunciation B. V. M.
Friday,	26.—	Good-Friday.
Saturday,	27.—	Easter-Even.
Sunday,	28.—	Easter-Day.

The text of Prince Bismarck's circular to the embassadors of the Empire on the succession to the papacy has been published. It is dated May 14, 1872, and is a most important paper. Its object is to effect a combination of the governments which have Catholic subjects, with a view to settling the conditions of the next election to the papacy. Prince Bismarck shows that, in consequence of the entire subjugation of the bishops, "the episcopal jurisdiction is entirely merged in the papal. The bishops are now, in their relations to the secular governments, the servants of a foreign sovereign, and that of a sovereign who by means of his infallibility has become more absolute than any absolute monarch in the world. Before allowing a new Pope to assume such a position, and to exercise such rights, governments must ask themselves whether his election and person offer those guarantees against abuse of power which they have a right to demand." He therefore suggests that the powers concerned agree upon the terms on which they will recognize the next Pope.

The name of the charitable giver of the £1000 checks, who has long been a mystery to the people of England, has at last been discovered. He was a bachelor living near Cheshunt, rich, but of retired habits, named Attwood. He has recently died. It appears from his books that during his life he had given away £350,000 in his anonymous fashion. He left £1,000,000 sterling, and no will.

The Swiss National Council has finally passed the bill on civil registration and civil marriage by a vote of 60 to 19.

The Rev. Dr. William F. Adams (Protestant Episcopal), Missionary Bishop elect of New Mexico and Arizona, was consecrated in St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, January 18. The Convention of the new diocese erected in the State of Ohio have elected the Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, of Philadelphia, bishop.

The Shakers near Lymington, England, who were ejected from the farm which they occupied for non-payment of debt, have been ordered by the parish authorities to quit the barn in which they had sought refuge. Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P., has commenced an investigation into the legality of the proceedings taken against the Community.

Father O'Keeffe has in press, it is said, a work of 250 pages, in which he takes Mr. Gladstone's side of the papal controversy. He calls it *A Loyal Answer to Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation.* The two ultramontane positions which Father O'Keeffe attacks, are "the temporal power of the Pope, and the binding force of his laws of discipline throughout the world, when they are promulgated at Rome." He may be described as an "orthodox Roman Catholic of the cisalpine school."

St. Januarius was not propitious to the people of Naples on the last festival day, December 16. The blood remained congealed in its vial, and refused to liquefy.

The lecture of Father Stack in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, January 12, was strongly denunciatory of the bishops in his Church. He drew a broad distinction between Catholic bishops and Catholic priests. Of the latter he said that a majority of them in this country "are in favor of the common schools, but that their bondage under the bishops is so abject that they dare not publicly avow their sentiments, lest they be persecuted and deposed."

If this statement is true, its verification is very desirable.

A prayer-meeting lasting continuously from 9 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon was recently held on a secular day in the Hall of the Methodist Block, Chicago. The attendance was very large, especially of business men, the number of persons present at times being as many as 3000.

Pastor Heycamp, nephew of the late Bishop of Deventer, has been elected Archbishop of Utrecht, to succeed the late Archbishop Loos. He has been pastor of an Old Catholic congregation near Rotterdam. His acceptance of the office has not yet been signified.

The San Francisco Presbytery have reported to the Presbytery of Chicago their proceedings in the case of the Rev. Dr. M'Kaig, charged with heresy. They admonish him "not to put forth such teachings in the future as seem to be inconsistent with the adopted standards of the Presbyterian Church," and advise him to join the Chicago Presbytery.

The Prussian authorities have closed the Catholic seminary at Fulda, and sequestrated all the property of the bishop of that diocese. The Bishop of Paderborn (Dr. Martin), after the expiration of his term of imprisonment, was taken to the fortress of Wesel, where he remains in confinement.

The probable operation of the "Public Worship Regulation Act," which goes into effect July 1, is already foreshadowed in the frequent expression of the opinion that the disestablishment of the Church of England is certain to take place. The *Church Times*, an organ of advanced ritualists, says: "The Scotch Patronage Bill, which has destroyed almost the last relics of government interference with the chief Presbyterian Society in Scotland, belongs to the same category as the Irish Church Act of 1868, *and the coming severance of the church and state in England.* It is a sign of the times which can not possibly be mistaken by intelligent observers, and there is no doubt that our freedom will come, though we may have to purchase it at a great price. But any price would be better than to suffer our doctrines, our rites, and our discipline to be filched from us bit by bit, under cover of new enactments, in the interests of the Arianizing faction which is plotting to make its harvest while the brief sun of court and press influence favors its scheme."

Mr. Gladstone has followed his essay on the Vatican Decrees by an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the Pope's speeches, which were published more than a year since in a collected form. The appearance of the volume was noticed at the time in this Intelligence. Mr. Gladstone traces historically the increased subserviency of the Catholic clergy, and concludes "that the mass of the British nation now repudiate the pretensions of the papacy more resolutely than they have done for many generations."

Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, the American advocates of the "Higher Christian Life," have been holding meetings among the Friends at Stoke Newington, England.

A fund is to be raised in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to place a monument over the grave of Bishop James O. Andrew.

A university is to be built by the Jews of London, at a cost of $750,000. It is to be named after the Hebrew philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore.

One of the Fisk University "Jubilee Singers," Mr. Isaac Dickinson, is now studying for the ministry at Edinburgh University, Scotland.

Bishop Alfred Lee (Protestant Episcopal), of the diocese of Delaware, and the Rev. Dr. H. Dyer, of the Church Missionary Society, were expected to start January 30 from New Orleans, for the City of Mexico. They will meet in that city deputies from numerous Protestant congregations, and organize a Mexican Episcopal Church.

According to the Lucknow *Witness*, another Hindoo reformer, Saraswati Swami, from Benares, has opened his mission on Malabar Hill, Bombay. He denounces idolatry and rejects caste. His doctrinal position seems to agree with that of the leaders of the Brahmo Somaj.

The Free Christian Church of Italy held its General Assembly in Turin, the middle of December. Thirty churches were represented by forty deputies. Six of the nine evangelists who have hitherto been supported by the contributions of American Christians will continue in the service, trusting to their congregations for support. Resolutions were passed favoring a better observance of the Lord's day.

Hitherto the Wesleyans of England have held themselves aloof from all movements contemplating the disestablishment of the national Church. If we may judge from the language of one of their organs—the *Recorder*—this neutral position is not likely to be maintained longer. That paper says, "Disestablishment has become a necessity, and the longer it is delayed the worse it will be for the Protestantism of the country. Disestablishment is in the air, and the Non-conformists of England will support no party which avows its intention of intensifying the Establishment principle in church and school."

The triennial election of the "deputies of Protestant Dissenters of the three denominations—Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist—appointed to protect their civil rights," takes place this season in London. This ancient body, which has been in existence nearly 150 years, is elected by the Non-conformist congregations in and within twelve miles of the city. In the course of its existence the deputies have taken part in the discussion and repeal of the Test and Corporation acts, the alteration of the marriage laws, the abolition of church rates, and of religious tests at the universities. On many other important questions they have supported the views of the Dissenters.

At a recent church consecration the Bishop of Manchester, England, spoke strongly in favor of free seats, saying that if the Church of England wished to claim endowments, and maintain itself as a national Church, it must be able to receive all who come to its worship.

A fund is being raised in England to contest the legality of Dominicals. Advice has been obtained which is to the effect that Dominicals are of the nature of an oblation, and were in their origin payable only by communicants. In a court of common law the tax would not be upheld.

A deputation of the inhabitants of Plymouth visited Bishop Colenso on the ship *Roman* just before her departure for the Cape of Good Hope, and presented him an address appreciative of his philanthropic labors in South Africa.

The Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, which was set off from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is about to establish a school for young women in Sardis, Mississippi. The beginnings of a college for young men have already been made by the same Church in Louisville. The bewildering nomenclature of the many varieties of Colored Methodists may perhaps be simplified by the following catalogue: The African Methodist Episcopal Church, founded by Richard Allen, has over 200,000 members, and is distributed through most of the States. The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church is an offshoot of the preceding, and numbers nearly 100,000 members. The two are sometimes briefly designated as the Bethel and the Zion churches. The Colored Methodists in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church are a numerous body. Their preachers are both organized in separate Conferences and are in Conference membership with white ministers. The Colored Methodist Episcopal Church is an offshoot of Southern Methodism. The African Church has six bishops, the Zion six, the "Colored" Church four.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction; and then came the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of meat in the dish, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack, quack?" The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

At a late ball in Paris a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad catarrh and a very charming wife, insisted, very inconveniently at the close of a polka, that madame should return to the bosom of her family. "Never mind," she said to her partner; "ask me to dance in the next quadrille all the same; I will find a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning, and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.

Did the horseman who "scoured the plains" use soap?

A competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the government offices in England. One of the candidates inadvertently spelled the word Venice with two n's, thus, Vennice. The examiner, a clever man, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired, "Do you not know, Sir, that there is but one *hen* in Venice?" "Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply. The candidate passed.

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business?—When he's giving a swimming-lesson.

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits. "No," was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance; I have missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss C—— to a bookseller. "No, miss, none," was the answer. "Why," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no *plates*?"

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, and never meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.

A fellow lately contracted in writing with a wood dealer for a quantity of "tip-top wood." The man began to deliver it; but it was so full of limbs that the purchaser demurred, saying that it was not good. The woodman replied, "It was just what I agreed to deliver, 'tip-top wood,' and I believe this grew on that part of the tree."

"Why, you rascal," said Dr. Radcliffe, the great physician, to a pavior who dunned him, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Dr. Radcliffe, "you are a wit: you must be poor. Come in and you shall be paid."

Seasonable Advice!—In slippery weather it is better to avoid running up bills!

A "Bridget" who, as usual, entertains an exalted opinion of the good things of the old country was asked by her mistress if they had any pies where she formerly lived in Ireland. "Yes, and sure they do." "What kind of pies?" "Magpies, mum."

When Dr. Cox was settled in Brooklyn he kept a dog, which was kenneled at the rear of the house. The dog being somewhat given to biting, the doctor placed in large capitals over the kennel the admonition, "Teeth inserted here."

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE STREETS—THE RAW MATERIAL.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE STREETS.

ONE of the saddest sights to be witnessed in the streets of a great city like New York or London is the immense number of uncared-for children growing up surrounded by all the influences of Christian civilization, and yet reaping few or none of its benefits. These vagrant children, who never go to school, who pass all their days in the worst streets and alleys of the city, hang about the docks, and live principally by begging or stealing, must inevitably swell the ranks of the criminal classes unless their course is arrested by Christian philanthropic effort. There is no other way of escape for them. Many of them never knew the meaning of the word home. At night they sleep where they can. Any one who has the courage to walk through certain streets of New York late at night in summer will find crowds of children stretched out asleep on door-steps, and even on the sidewalks; the Battery, on warm nights, is a great out-door lodging-place. There the poor waifs have at least the benefit of pure air, and exemption from the corrupting influences of cellar lodging-rooms, where nothing but vice in its lowest and most debasing forms is to be found.

Of late years Christian people in all our large cities have organized missions and homes for the special purpose of reclaiming vagrant children and saving them from the wretchedness toward which they naturally tend. In this city Mr. CHARLES L. BRACE and others equally zealous and devoted in the work of children's missions have saved thousands from a vicious and wretched life by taking them from the street, giving them instruction, and providing them with comfortable and happy homes in the country, where, free from the temptations that beset them in the haunts where they were born, they are growing up to be good, industrious, and intelligent men and women. A glance at the pictures on this page, which give two scenes in the life of a boy and girl picked out of the streets, kindly treated, decently clad, instructed, and provided with comfortable homes, will show more forcibly than words the character of the noble work performed by these missions. This is but one example of thousands where the good possibilities of the "raw material" have been realized through kind and Christian treatment.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE STREETS—POSSIBILITIES REALIZED.

RECENT EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA.

SLAVES ABANDONED TO DIE OF STARVATION.—[FROM "THE LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE."]

THE publication of *The Last Journals of David Livingstone* (New York, HARPER & BROTHERS) and of Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S *Ismailïa* (by the same house), has drawn renewed attention to two great questions connected with African exploration—the slave-trade and the sources of the Nile. The first is by far the more important of the two, as it concerns the happiness or misery of vast numbers of human beings, and the development of a magnificent country under the influences of civilization and Christianity. Under the cruel ravages of the slave-hunters, the most fertile portions of the African continent have been depopulated and laid waste. Sir SAMUEL draws a fearful picture of the desolation wrought by the traffic in human flesh and blood. In his explorations he found lands, varying in natural capabilities according to their position and altitude, where sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, spices, and all other tropical produce could be successfully cultivated but for the slave-trade. This alone flourished, where every thing else went to ruin. Rich and well-populated regions had been rendered desolate. The men, women, and children had been dragged into slavery. Villages were burned, crops destroyed, and what might be a terrestrial paradise was converted into an infernal region. One of the most powerful slave-hunters had an army of 2500 Arabs, rudely organized and well armed, with which he invaded peaceful regions, and laid them waste with fire and sword. The number of slaves captured every year in Central Africa alone previous to Sir SAMUEL'S expedition was estimated at more than fifty thousand, a large proportion of whom perished in the hardships of the march to the coast, or died soon afterward of homesickness and ill treatment.

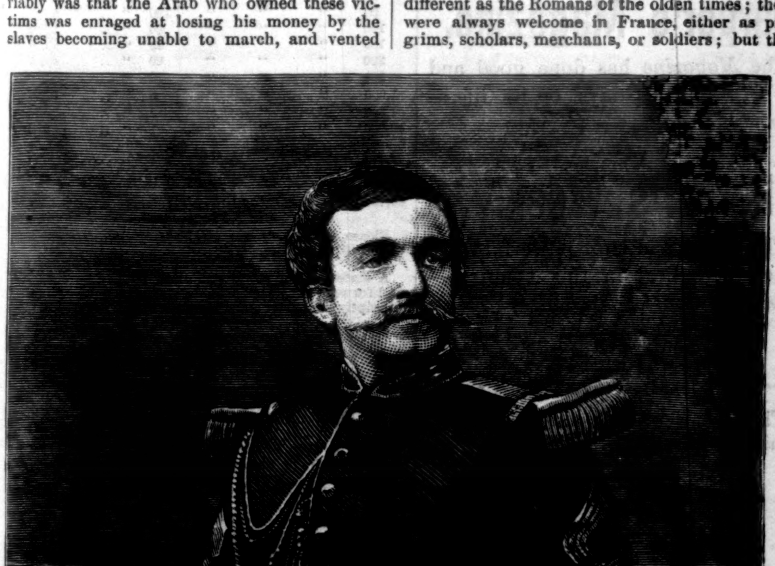
Dr. LIVINGSTONE tells the same story in his interesting journals. Every where the curse of slavery was on the land. In one instance he passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of any one else if she recovered after resting for a time. He saw others tied up in a similar manner, and one lying in the path, shot or stabbed, for she was in a pool of blood. The explanation invariably was that the Arab who owned these victims was enraged at losing his money by the slaves becoming unable to march, and vented his spleen by murdering them. Another day he passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying on the path. A group of men stood about a hundred yards off on one side, and another of women on the other side, looking on. They said an Arab who passed early that morning had done it, in anger at losing the price he had given for her, because she was unable to walk any longer. The very next day one of LIVINGSTONE'S men, chancing to wander from the party, came upon a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food. They were too weak to be able to speak or say where they had come from. Some were quite young.

These are but two or three examples of the misery and desolation witnessed constantly by LIVINGSTONE as he traversed the regions infested by the slave-hunters. The people have no rest from these harassing raids. When they fill their garners, they can seldom reckon on eating the grain, for the marauders come when the harvest is over, and catch as many able-bodied young persons as they can to carry away the corn. Thus it was in old times in Scotland, so far as security for life and property was concerned; but the Scotch were apt pupils of more fortunate nations. To change of country they were as indifferent as the Romans of the olden times; they were always welcome in France, either as pilgrims, scholars, merchants, or soldiers; but the African is different. If let alone, the African's mode of life is rather enjoyable; he loves agriculture, and land is to be had any where. He knows nothing of other countries, but he has imbibed the idea of property in man. Wherever LIVINGSTONE went he always endeavored to dissuade the great chiefs from this abominable traffic, but with such indifferent success that he was finally brought to the conviction that the annexation of Central Africa to Egypt was the only effectual way to check the slave-trade, and bring the people and the country under the influences of government and civilization.

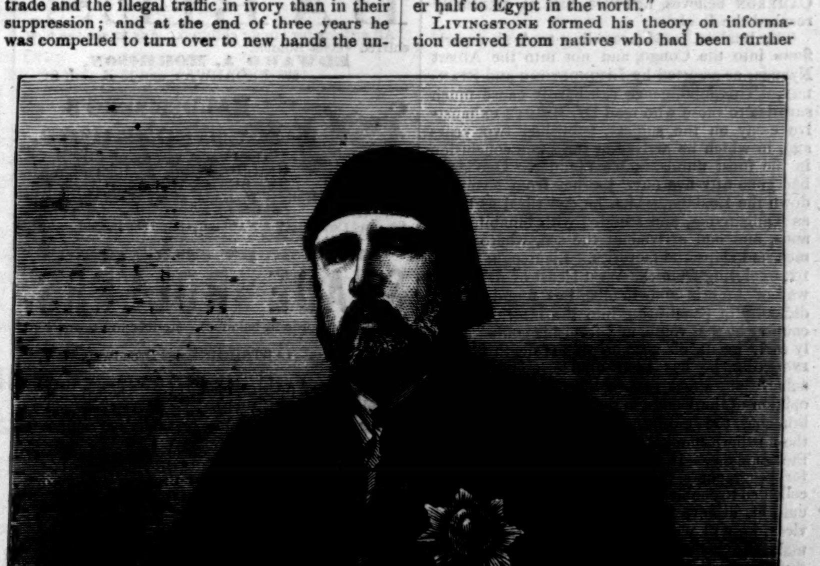
This, as is well known, was the object of Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S expedition to Central Africa, under a commission from the Khedive of Egypt. He hoped to effect it by bringing the regions infested by slave-traders under the control of a strong civil government, and the humanizing influence of legitimate commerce with the outside world. Had he been sincerely and properly supported by the Egyptian government, this grand object might have been accomplished before the expiration of his commission. As it was, he was steadily thwarted by the home authorities, seemingly with the connivance of the Khedive, or possibly through his indifference, because they had a greater interest in maintaining the slave-trade and the illegal traffic in ivory than in their suppression; and at the end of three years he was compelled to turn over to new hands the uncompleted task. Still he had accomplished much. He had annexed a large extent of territory to Egypt, broken the power of some of the largest slave-hunters, and opened the way for the advance of commerce and civilization into regions now wasted by war and rapine, but which might be made to support a happy and flourishing population. The narrative of his adventures during these three eventful years, to which a passing allusion was made at the commencement of this article, is a work of intense and thrilling interest. The volume is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with two excellent maps, which enable the reader to follow the author through every stage of his progress, and to comprehend fully the extent of the work he undertook to perform.

The other question—Where are the sources of the Nile to be sought?—is one which has puzzled the world from the earliest times. LIVINGSTONE was intensely interested in the solution of this problem, and his last journey was undertaken in the full belief that he had arrived at the correct theory in regard to it. Concerning the most ancient theories he writes: "The great men of antiquity have recorded their ardent desires to know the fountains of what HOMER called '*Egypt's heaven-descending spring*.' SESOSTRIS, the first who, in camp with his army, made and distributed maps, not to Egyptians only, but to the Scythians, naturally wished to know the springs, says EUSTATHIUS, of the river on whose banks he flourished. ALEXANDER the Great, who founded a celebrated city at this river's mouth, looked up the stream with the same desire; and so did the CÆSARS. The great JULIUS CÆSAR is made by LUCAN to say that he would give up the civil war if he might but see the fountains of this far-famed river. NERO CÆSAR sent two centurions to examine the '*Caput Nili*.' They reported that they saw the river rushing with great force from two rocks, and beyond that it was lost in immense marshes. This was probably 'native information' concerning the cataracts of the Nile and a long space above them, which had already been enlarged by others into two hills, with sharp, conical tops, called Crophi and Mophi, midway between which lay the fountains of the Nile—fountains which it was impossible to fathom, and which gave forth half their water to Ethiopia in the south, and the other half to Egypt in the north."

LIVINGSTONE formed his theory on information derived from natives who had been further



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. C. LONG, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KHEDIVE.



ISMAIL, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

west than he had been able to penetrate, and who reported the existence of a large lake called Chibungo. This lake will be found laid down on the map prepared from Livingstone's notes and pen maps for his journals. They also reported the existence of another Lualaba River. We now quote from the journals again:

"As the Lufira flows into Chibungo, it is probable that the Lualaba West and the Lufira form the lake. Lualaba West and Lufira rise by fountains south of Katañga, three or four days off. Luambai and Lunga fountains are only about ten miles distant from Lualaba West and Lufira fountains. A mound rises between them, the most remarkable in Africa. Were this spot in Armenia, it would serve exactly the description of the Garden of Eden in Genesis, with its four rivers, the Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel, and Euphrates.

"Four fountains rising so near to each other would readily be supposed to have one source; and half the water flowing into the Nile and the other half to the Zambesi, required but little imagination to originate, seeing the actual visitor would not feel bound to say how the division was effected. He could only know the facts of waters rising at one spot, and separating to flow north and south. The conical tops to the mound look like invention, as also do the names.

"A slave, bought on Lualaba East, came from Lualaba West in about twelve days. These two Lualabas may form the loop depicted by Ptolemy, and upper and lower Tanganyika be a third arm of the Nile.

"The water-shed is between seven and eight hundred miles long from west to east, or, say, from 22° or 23° to 34° or 35° east longitude. Parts of it are enormous sponges; in other parts innumerable rills unite into rivulets, which again form rivers; Lufira, for instance, has nine rivulets, and Lekulwé other nine. The convex surface of the rose of a garden watering-can is a tolerably apt similitude, as the rills do not spring off the face of it, and it is seven hundred miles across the circle; but in the numbers of rills coming out at different heights on the slope there is a faint resemblance, and I can at present think of no other example."

Whether Livingstone was correct in his pet hypothesis is still an open question, to be solved only by actual exploration. His theory that the waters of Lake Tanganyika found an outlet by a subterranean passage into the Lualaba has been disproved by the explorations of Lieutenant Cameron, who has made a careful survey of the western side of the lake, and discovered the long-looked-for outlet which all physical geographers had agreed must exist, as in no other way could the sweetness of the water be accounted for. This outlet, it appears, is called Lukuga, and is situated five miles south of the islands explored by Speke. It had actually been passed by Livingstone, though in the night-time, which might account for his having somewhat hastily concluded that the waters flowed into instead of out of the lake. Lieutenant Cameron proceeded for about four or five miles along the stream, the current of which runs from one to two knots per hour, but further navigation was impeded by floating grass and large rushes. Lieutenant Cameron believes, however, that it eventually reached the Lualaba.

The Lualaba itself, according to Arab report, flows into the Congo, and not into the Albert Nyanza, as asserted by Livingstone and Stanley. This intelligence can hardly cause much surprise to those who read Dr. Behm's exhaustive essay on the subject, published two years ago, in which he arrived at the same conclusion in the most unmistakable manner. One Arab had gone fifty-five days' journey from Nyangwa down the Lualaba, which he described as broad as Tanganyika, and studded with inhabited islands, and had arrived at the sea, where white men had ships and factories. Lieutenant Grandy, exploring from the West Coast of Africa, by way of Ambriz and Bembe, has found greater difficulty of penetrating into the interior of the country by that route, and from his comparatively early recall, on account of the death of Livingstone, he has been unable, apparently, to achieve any great geographical discovery. His opinion of the Congo is that there are two main branches, the southern one draining Angola, and the northern one being apparently identical with the Lualaba. It is a matter of congratulation for geographers that sufficient funds have been collected to enable Lieutenant Cameron to prosecute his discoveries. According to his last advices, he will write from Nyangwa, and thence make his way down the Lualaba to the sea, and thus complete a journey of the very highest interest.

The weight of evidence is, it must be confessed, against the correctness of Livingstone's theory, nor can we yet give credence to the story recently made public of the discovery of the Nile sources by a young American officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Long, now in the service of the Khedive. This gentleman, of whom we give a portrait on the preceding page, is a native of Baltimore, and made a very honorable record in the Union army during the rebellion. After the close of the war, when the Khedive of Egypt was looking for English and American officers to take service under him, Lieutenant-Colonel Long was among those selected on the recommendation of General Mott, an American, who has been for years in the Egyptian army.

Besides military service, Lieutenant-Colonel Long has been engaged in some very important explorations. Among his latest exploits is the exploration of the Nile from the second cataract to a point never reached by any previous traveler. He claims to have discovered a vast basin, situated about one degree and a half south of the equator, which he concluded to be the reservoir of the waters of the Victoria Nyanza, and the real source of the Nile. While geographers are not disposed to accept his conclusions without further exploration of the region in which this immense basin lies, it can not be denied that this enterprising officer has rendered great service to science in tracing the course of the Nile so far continuously, a feat never before accomplished. He met with great opposition from the natives during his progress, and had several very lively encounters with them, but persevered against all obstacles until he reached what he believed to be the object of his expedition.

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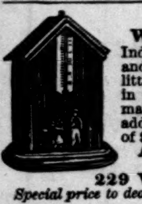

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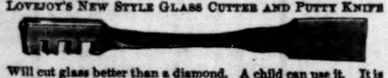

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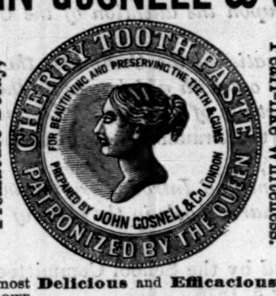

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LAFAYETTE'S WATCH.

WHEN General LAFAYETTE was traveling in this country in 1825, a valuable watch, which had been presented to him by WASHINGTON as a souvenir of the capitulation of Lord CORNWALLIS, was lost or stolen from him at Nashville, Tennessee. Some years afterward it was purchased at a pawnbroker's shop in Louisville, Kentucky, by a Mr. WARD, now of Texas, for the sum of seventy-five dollars. Mr. WARD does not seem to have considered it to be his duty to take any steps toward restoring the watch, or even making it known that so valuable a relic was in his possession. Last summer the fact was brought to the notice of Congress by a newspaper paragraph containing a description of the watch and a history of the manner in which it came into Mr. WARD's hands, and a joint resolution was passed appropriating three hundred dollars for the purchase of the relic and its restoration to the family of LAFAYETTE.

The watch is an old-fashioned one, double case, of massive gold, the outer case being skillfully engraved. The inner case bears the following inscription:

G. WASHINGTON
to
GILBERT MOTIERS DE LAFAYETTE.
Lord CORNWALLIS's Capitulation
(Yorktown),
Oct. 19th, 1781.

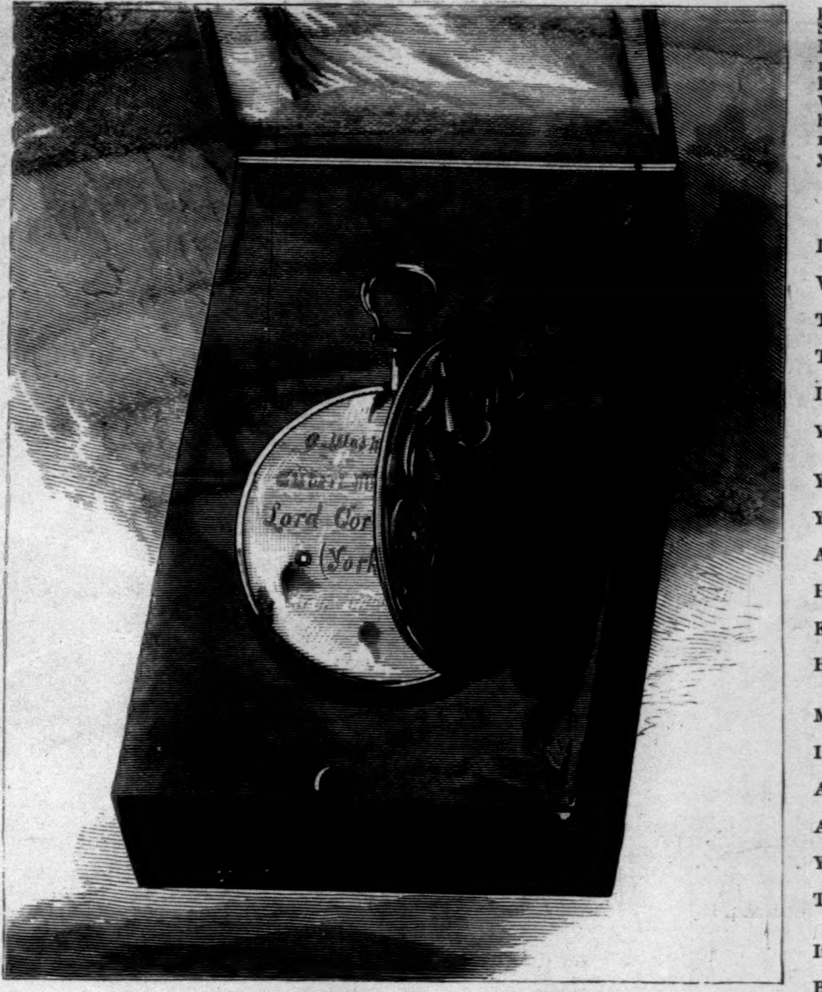
The inscription, which is in old English letters, is somewhat worn and indistinct; and an error in reading the date as Feb. 17th, instead of the true date of the capitulation, led to some doubts as to its genuineness. A closer inspection showed this reading to be a mistake.

In conformity with the Congressional resolution, Mr. WASHBURNE, our minister to France, on the 8th of December last presented the watch to M. OSCAR DE LAFAYETTE, a grandson of the marquis, and now Deputy in the National Assembly from the Seine-et-Marne. The ceremony took place at the hôtel of the American embassy.

Mr. WASHBURNE, in addressing M. DE LAFAYETTE, spoke in the French language. He narrated the circumstances of the theft of the watch and the passage by Congress of the resolution for its restoration to the descendants of the Marquis de Lafayette, and said: "I am fulfilling a pleasant duty. The inscription on the watch recalls to mind a great deed which can never be effaced from the history of the United States—the deed which terminated the American Revolution and assured the independence of the United States. I am here as the interpreter of the sentiments of the government and people of the United States toward you and the other descendants of the Marquis de Lafayette. Let us form earnest wishes for the happiness and prosperity of all bearing your venerated name, and with those wishes let us associate France, who was allied with the United States, who is our traditional friend, and whose glory is so dear to us."

M. DE LAFAYETTE, in reply to Mr. WASHBURNE, solemnly acknowledged his thanks for the relic presented to him by the United States Congress. He also thanked Mr. WASHBURNE for the kind words he had uttered, and added that the LAFAYETTE family were filled with profound gratitude for the sympathetic remembrances which have been preserved for their ally by the Americans. He requested Mr. WASHBURNE to express to the American people and to their Congress and government the thanks of the LAFAYETTE family, and their admiration for their second country.

Our engravings of the watch and the scene of presentation are from sketches made by Mr. H. SCOTT expressly for *Harper's Weekly*. Behind Minister WASHBURNE stand Mr. OTTO WASHBURNE and Colonel HOFFMAN, secretaries of the legation. The group of ladies are Mrs. and Miss WASHBURNE and Miss DRUMMOND. Just behind M. OSCAR DE LAFAYETTE stands M. PAUL DE REMUSAT, his brother-in-law, who was two years ago the French Minister for Foreign Affairs.



LAFAYETTE'S WATCH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. SCOTT, PARIS.]

WISHING AND HAVING.

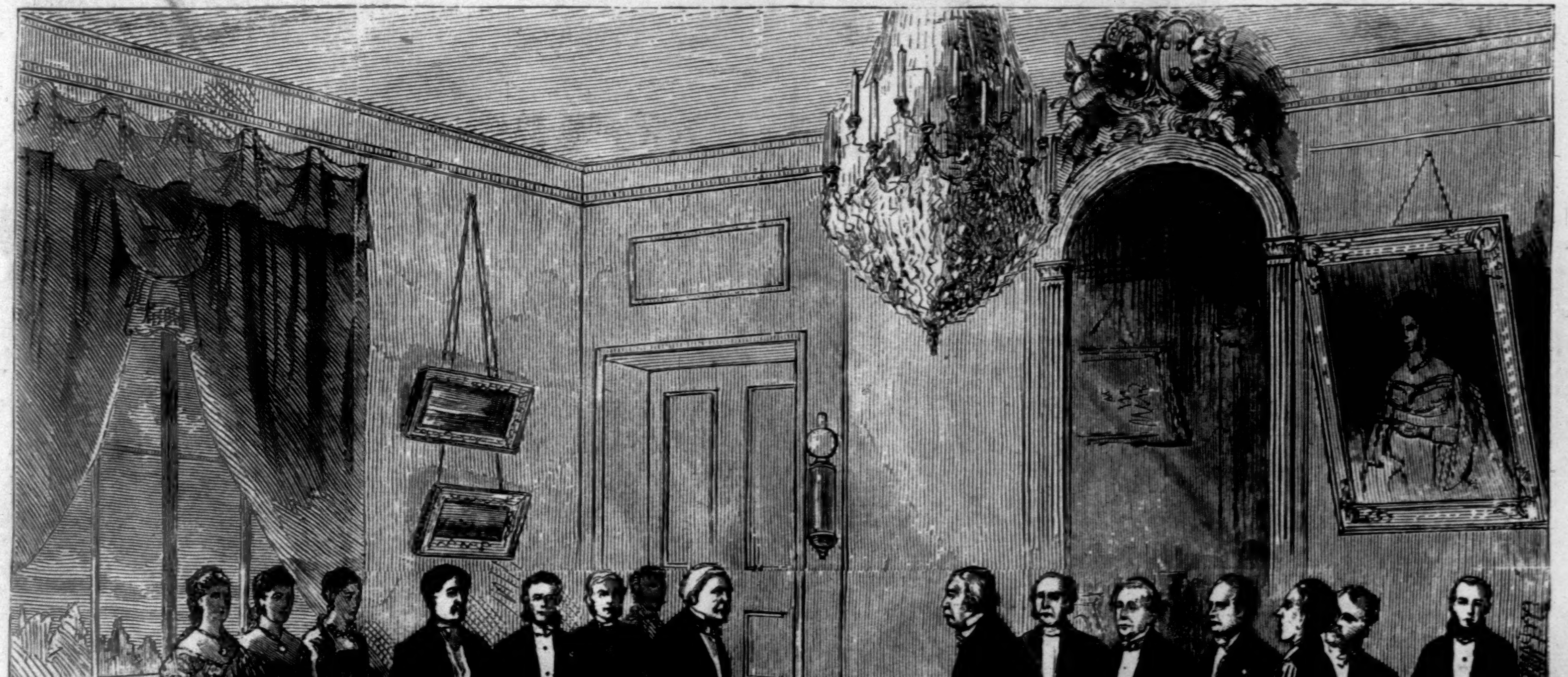
IF to wish and to have were one, my dear,
You would be sitting now
With not a care in your tender heart,
Not a wrinkle upon your brow;
The clock of time would go back with you
All the years you have been my wife,
Till its golden hands had pointed out
The happiest hour of your life:
I would stop them at that immortal hour;
The clock should no longer run:
You could not be sad and sick and old—
If to wish and to have were one.

You are not here in the winter, my love,
The snow is not whirling down;
You are in the heart of the summer woods,
In your dear old sea-side town;
A patter of little feet in the leaves,
A beautiful boy at your side;
He is gathering flowers in the shady nooks—
It was but a dream that he died!
Keep hold of his hands, and sing to him:
No mother under the sun
Has such a seraphic child as yours—
If to wish and to have are one.

Methinks I am with you there, dear wife,
In that old house by the sea;
I have flown to you as the bluebird flies
To his mate in the poplar-tree.
A sailor's hammock hangs at the door,
You swing in it, book in hand;
A boat is standing in for the beach,
Its keel now grates on the sand:
Your brothers are coming—two manly men,
Whose lives have only begun:
Their days will be long in the land, dear heart—
If to wish and to have are one.

If to wish and to have were one, ah me!
I would not be old and poor,
But a young and prosperous gentleman,
With never a dun at the door;
There would be no past to bewail, my love,
There would be no future to dread;
Your brothers would be live men again,
And my boy would not be dead.
Perhaps it will all come right at last;
It may be, when all is done,
We shall be together in some good world,
Where to wish and to have are one.

R. H. STODDARD.



LAFAYETTE'S WATCH—THE PRESENTATION BY MINISTER WASHBURNE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. SCOTT, PARIS.]

ROMAN CATHOLIC OLS.—[

OLS.—[See Page 128.]